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HEY, DAD, DO HO'S MAKE GOOD HOUSEWIVES?
SOME OF THEM DO. TAKE YOUR MAMA, FOR EXAMPLE.
WINNER

SEPTEMBER 2016
Volume 43 Number 4
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Cover photo by Jay Aaron

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DIPLOMACY WINS!

The nuclear deal with Iran crafted by President Obama and John Kerry has reaped big dividends in the first Iranian election to be held after sanctions were lifted. Reformist President Hassan Rouhani's allies—moderates and reformers—won all of Tehran's 30 seats in Parliament, then went on to win 42% of the total seats in April. The moderates and reformers now have 143 seats in Parliament, compared to 86 seats for the hard-liners and 61 for independents. That's enough of a margin, analysts say, for Rouhani to implement some changes.

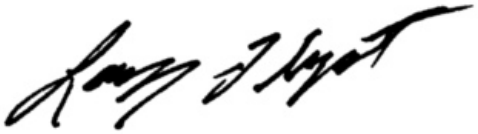
Over 60% of Iran's 80 million population are under 30, and most of them are sick of the oppressive theocracy that was born before they were—in Ayatollah Khomeini's 1979 revolution. Further, they're sick of the economic troubles caused by Western sanctions.

Few Americans know the history behind our contentious relationship with Iran—the history that fueled both Khomeini's revolution and the enmity of many Iranians for the United States. In 1953 our CIA orchestrated a covert coup against Iran's democratically elected prime minister, Mohammad Mossadegh, because he wanted a greater share of oil revenues from British oil companies. The British had been kicked out of Iran for covert dirty work, so they turned to the U.S. for help.

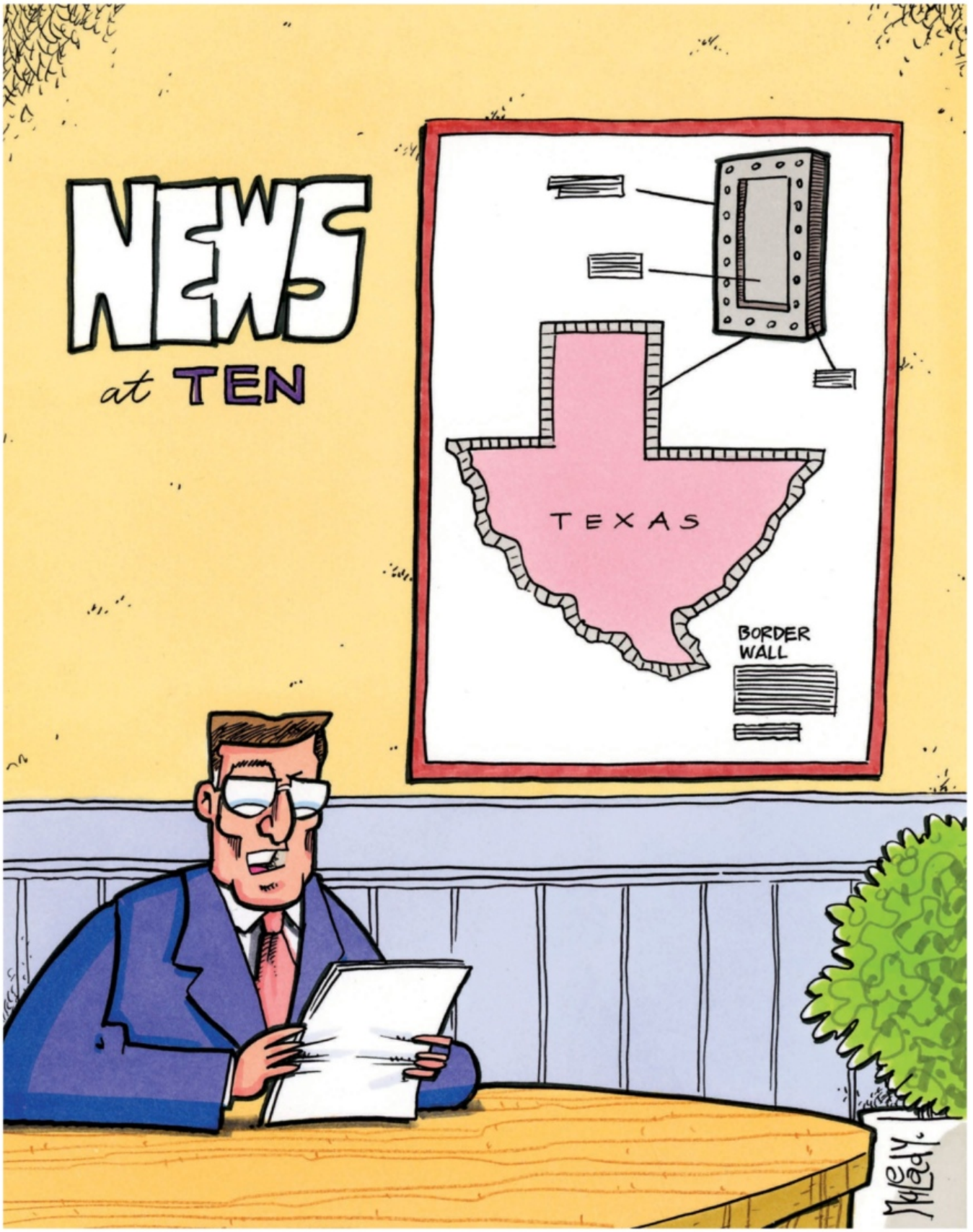
The coup was successful, and for the next 26 years the Shah ruled as a dictator, with his brutal intelligence agency, SAVAK, torturing and killing thousands who protested for the return of democracy. Put yourself in the Iranians' shoes: Imagine if Iran had overthrown President Eisenhower in 1953, installed a member of the British royal family as American dictator and enforced his dictatorship by funding CIA torture dungeons. We would no doubt be upset by this history.

But the coup is in the distant past, and the younger generation in Iran is looking to the future. The reformers will probably see more gains—as long we stop our counterproductive meddling in the country.

If Republicans had been permitted to sabotage the nuclear deal, they would have played right into Iranian hard-liners' hands, ensuring more years of suffering by the Iranian people, more intransigence and isolation and perhaps more covert efforts to build a nuclear weapon. When you rattle sabers against a country, it inevitably empowers extreme militarists. If allowed a chance, diplomacy can be more effective than threats of violence and preemptive invasion. The last decade has proven that unhinged belligerence often backfires. Hopefully, our next President will take these lessons to heart.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"The federal government has agreed to build a border fence around Texas, not to keep illegal immigrants from getting in, but to keep all the fucked-up, ignorant Texas wackos from getting out!"

CLASS WARFARE: WE'RE READY TO FIGHT!

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT MUST REMEDY AMERICA'S BIGGEST PROBLEM: THE WEALTH GAP, NOT MEXICAN IMMIGRANTS.

Bob Dylan's lyrics capturing the turbulent 1960s—"Something is happening here, but you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones?"—resonate today with the enormous shift in American politics brought center stage by the upcoming Presidential election. Now, as in the '60s, the establishment represented by Mister Jones just doesn't get the depth and intensity driving the rebellion threatening the elites' grip on the social order.

When Dylan introduced Mister Jones in "Ballad of a Thin Man," those who didn't "get it" were too old and settled in their ways. "Never trust anyone over 30" was the mantra of students spearheading the free-speech and antiwar movements. These days young people from coast to coast are again in clear revolt, but many are showing unexpected support for 74-year-old "democratic socialist" Bernie Sanders. According to a cumulative analysis of primary exit polls, Sanders won 65% of New York voters under the age of 30.

The Democratic revolt has extended to male, white blue-collar workers who feel betrayed by their party's abandonment of its natural base in pursuit of Wall Street contributions. But the Republican revolt has surpassed that of the Democrats, as demonstrated by billionaire Donald Trump's startling sweep of the GOP primaries. Make no mistake about it, this bipartisan rebellion has been driven by America's glaring and growing economic class divide.

That is particularly true for the many white folks whose incomes have been stagnant for the past three decades, belying "the rising tide lifts all boats" malarkey that has befogged American politics for the past half century. The defining lesson of both major parties' 2016 primary elections, no matter how it is resolved in the general election, is that we have a lot of angry people who have a right to be angry.

On the Democratic side, the Sanders campaign success was a direct result of the Occupy movement, which highlighted the outrageous hold the one percenters have over our country's economy and entire political system. When folks looked into that inequality, they made a frightening discovery: It's actually *one-tenth* of 1% of all Americans who now possess as much wealth as the bottom 90%.

That stat has become an indelible part of the American discourse. As Sanders put it, over and over, in the defining message of his campaign, "Today we live in the richest country in the history of the world, but that reality means little because much of that wealth is controlled by a tiny handful of individuals." Dwelling on America's ever-widening wealth gap, Sanders hit home with blue-collar Democrats in Michigan and elsewhere who have been screwed by a series of international trade agreements that the leadership of both parties enthusiastically endorsed.

Opposition to NAFTA, the first of those lousy trade deals, has long been a Sanders calling card, but it has resonated to even greater effect on the conservative side. Billionaire populist Donald Trump firmly believes that NAFTA has "destroyed" this country.

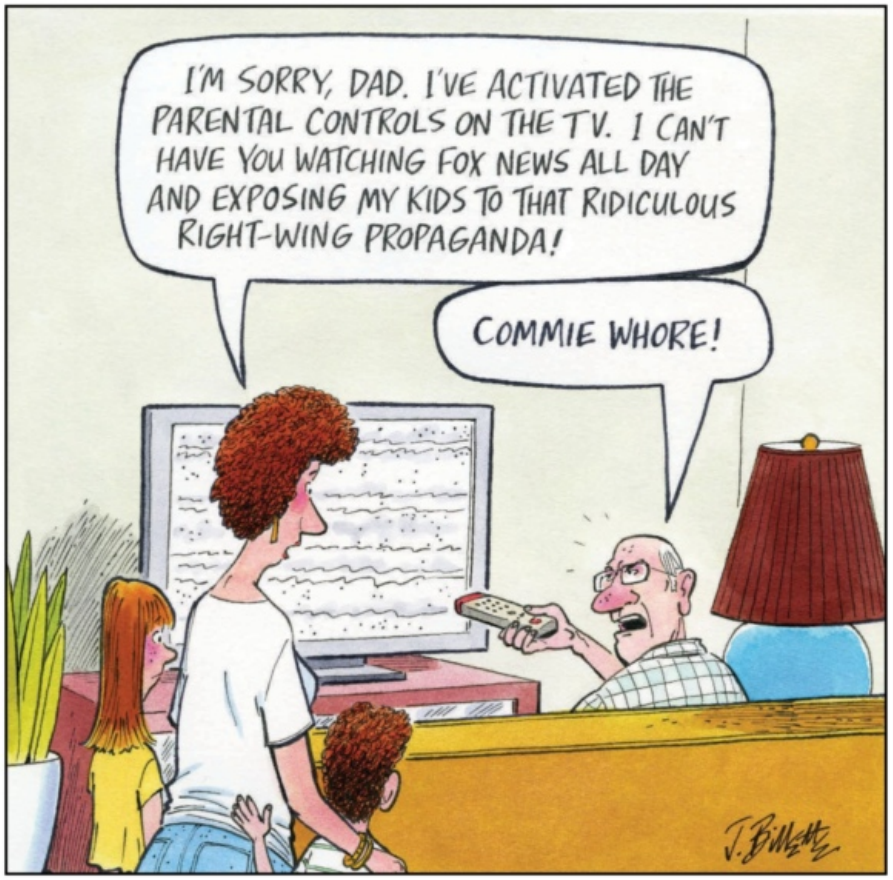
The point is not that foreign trade is bad, but that agreements benefitting the superrich and ignoring the needs of ordinary workers run counter to a basic premise of the American Dream: a realistic prospect of entry into a secure and ever-expanding middle class. After three decades of wage stagnation, that fantasy is blown—and with it our nation's social and political stability.

What has come in its place is anger. People are ready for a fight. In Trump's case, that fight is marked by the pursuit of hapless scapegoats like undocumented Mexican immigrants. The fact that more Mexicans have returned home than have come here since the Great Recession doesn't matter to Trump's base because anger rarely leads to rational contemplation.

The predominant issue confronting the nation will be whether that anger is dealt with in a positive way, through rewritten trade agreements and legislation to redress the alarming income disparity, or simply ignored, as has been the pattern for too long. If a status quo President of either party ignores this issue, the chaos of the 2016 election will seem like a garden party compared to the mayhem that will inevitably ensue in 2020.

Get it, Mister Jones? H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*


I'M SORRY, DAD. I'VE ACTIVATED THE PARENTAL CONTROLS ON THE TV. I CAN'T HAVE YOU WATCHING FOX NEWS ALL DAY AND EXPOSING MY KIDS TO THAT RIDICULOUS RIGHT-WING PROPAGANDA!
COMMIE WHORE!
J. Billmeyer

...OH, AND DID I MENTION I LOVE THE POORLY EDUCATED? AND ACCORDING TO THE POLLS, THOSE POOR, DUMB BASTARDS LOVE ME!
WINNERT

HITLER HAPPENS

MAKING AMERICA HATE AGAIN...

Donald Trump is not Adolf Hitler. Not yet, anyway. Hopefully Americans are collectively smart enough not to ultimately fall for his divisive message of hate. But enough Republicans have fallen for it that we ought to ask ourselves, How can so many in a major political party be drawn to someone so dangerously lacking in the skills required for mayor of Palookaville, much less President of the United States?

For most of my life I've heard this question raised: How—in a well-educated, culturally advanced country like 1930s Germany—could a Hitler rise to power? It wasn't a Third World nation where a strongman could take over by brute force. The people *elected* Hitler—and celebrated as he promised to make Germany great again following World War I.

New research by Matthew MacWilliams, a Ph.D. student at the University of Massachusetts Amherst, suggests why certain voters support Trump: authoritarian tendencies. Since the rise of Nazi Germany, authoritarianism has been "one of the most widely studied ideas in social science," he says.

Based on a sampling of 1,800 registered voters, MacWilliams discovered that "education, income, gender, age, ideology and religiosity had no significant bearing on a Republican voter's preferred candidate. Only two of the variables I looked at were statistically significant: authoritarianism, followed by fear of terrorism."

MacWilliams used a well-established method for determining authoritarian tendencies: a series of questions on child-rearing asking if respondents preferred kids who are respectful or independent; obedient or self-reliant; well-behaved or considerate; well-mannered or curious. "Respondents who pick the first option in each of these questions," MacWilliams explains, "are strongly authoritarian."

That trait is by far the best indicator of support for Trump, and other academics concur with MacWilliams. Most notably, Marc J. Hetherington and Jonathan D. Weiler's 2009 book *Authoritarianism and Polarization in American Politics* arguably predicted the rise of a Donald Trump.

Weiler, director of undergraduate studies at the University of North Carolina, tells me, "We came to believe about ten years ago that [authoritarianism] explained a lot about the intensity of polarization and political division in the United States, and the Trump campaign…is the culmination of that new reality." These tendencies are distinct from both racism and conservatism, even as the ideas cross over in a number of ways.

"Authoritarians weren't particularly interested in the conservative economic agenda," Weiler discovered. "They were not necessarily in favor of smaller government or lower taxes. The pieces of what has become modern conservatism that attracted them are more these kind of 'Us vs. Them' issues." That might explain how Trump can support ideas that are not considered conservative—such as universal healthcare and Planned Parenthood—yet remain beloved by many who call themselves staunch conservatives.

Weiler explains, "It's really about order, and that's why [authoritarians are] concerned about changing values when it comes to family and nontraditional relationships and considerations beyond race. But all of them really come down to dividing the world into 'Us vs. Them' in a pretty pronounced way." Sound familiar? Just replace Hitler's Jews, Gypsies and Catholics with Mexicans, Muslims, journalists and D.C. elites.

"In 1992," Weiler notes, "there was really no difference in terms of the level of authoritarianism of the average Democrat and the average Republican." Since then, in the wake of Nixon's and Reagan's focus on race, crime, the "threat" of women's liberation, gay rights and terrorism—all abetted by the rise of right-wing media into the corporate mainstream—nonauthoritarian Republicans have become Democrats "and a lot of authoritarians have gravitated from the Democratic Party to the Republican Party."

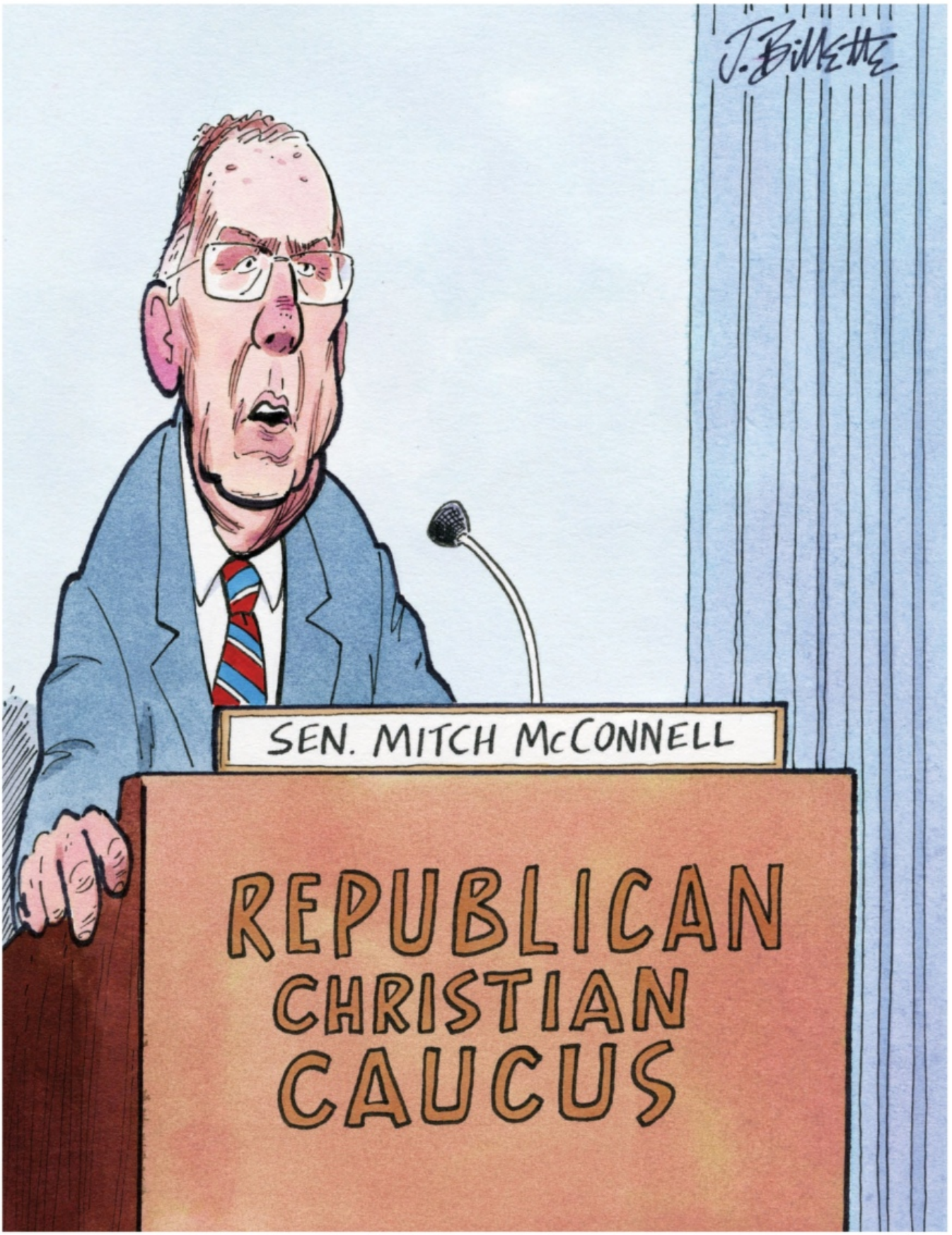
According to Weiler, Trump is a "logical extension of a dynamic that's been underway for a long time.... [He] has really zeroed in quite precisely on what authoritarians care about.... So the monster, if you will, that the Republican Party created was in a very strongly authoritarian base that Donald Trump [has]—whether by instinct or self-consciously, I don't really know—really taken advantage of."

While many view Trump as the opportunistic clown that he is—particularly Democrats who'd love to see him as the GOP nominee—the fact is, many voters might be just one terror attack away from pulling the lever for a candidate who, no matter how buffoonish, promises order out of chaos. "Under threatening and fearful and frightening circumstance," Weiler warns, "more and more people might find his message appealing."

So, yes, when people are terrorized and terrified—as the GOP has been hoping to make us for years—Hitler happens. Be careful what you wish for, Democrats. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

DONALD TRUMP IS THE MAN! FUCK THAT "GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR, YOUR HUDDLED MASSES YEARNING TO BE FREE" BULLSHIT! GOD WANTS AMERICA TO BE WHITE!
I MARRIED HIM WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG.
J. Bilbrey



"Too many of my colleagues from across the aisle seem to have lost Jesus and instead covet concepts of science, that evil concoction of the Devil! Amen!"

PAT McCRORY

The current governor of North Carolina, Pat McCrory, has been stewing in a vat of global vilification ever since he signed off on the state's notorious HB2 law that forbids cities from passing LGBT anti-discrimination ordinances.

The backlash has been titanic: Over 100 major corporations have denounced the bill; cities from Durham to Raleigh to Greensboro have forfeited millions from lost conventions and tourism; PayPal and Deutsche Bank revoked plans to expand operations in the state, costing 650 new jobs; and performances have been canceled by everyone from Bruce Springsteen to Cirque du Soleil. The Charlotte Regional Visitors Authority has projected the losses to be a whopping $86 million through 2020 if the law is not rescinded.

Author and singer Henry Rollins summed up the shitstorm: "The truth is that no one cares what his name is. He will be dimly remembered as the asshole who signed that fucked-up bill that embarrassed the majority of North Carolinians." Congratulations, Pat! You've joined the elite club of dickwad GOP governors who've bankrupted their governments and wrecked their economies after promising to run them "like a business." Too bad the business model was a mixture of Enron, Lehman Brothers and Bernie Madoff.

McCrory rammed through HB2 in a special legislative session in reaction to the Charlotte city council passing an anti-LGBT-discrimination ordinance earlier in the year. Charlotte is one of the more progressive cities in the South, with Democrats and independents outnumbering Republicans three to one. Ironically, Charlotte's longest-serving mayor was none other than McCrory himself, who served from 1995 to 2009 as a moderate Republican.

But then Pat got ambitious, his eyes set on the governor's mansion. So he tacked hard right to appeal to the state's God-fearing rural Tea Party bumpkins—and dashed the ship of state right into the rocks. Perfectly symbolizing his reign, McCrory slipped off a chair in a public meeting in January, landing flat on his butt. He wasn't aware the chair had wheels—or that asinine laws have consequences.

HB2 was sold as a "bathroom bill," with McCrory stoking the unfounded hysteria that allowing transgender people to take a dump, piss or powder in the bathroom they prefer would cause an inevitable invasion of perverts in the ladies' room: sexual predators lurking in the stalls, camouflaged with lipstick and high heels, ready to ambush North Carolina's unwary virgins. The trouble is, there is zero evidence of such crimes by transgender-identifying people nationwide. The single guy in recent memory that the North Carolina GOP cites—an obvious man who changed clothes in a women's locker room in Seattle—didn't look transgender or identify transgender, no one called the police, and no charges were filed. Some allege that it was a deliberate stunt to sabotage the new civil rights laws.

In the last 17 years there have been a total of three U.S. cases where a biological male dressed as a woman was convicted of a crime in a ladies' bathroom or locker room. Yes, cross-dressing criminals do exist, but it's extremely rare. And there has been no uptick in such incidents since over 200 American cities have passed ordinances outlawing LGBT discrimination. The whole issue is an overblown red herring used to deny people their civil rights.

These antidiscrimination laws are designed to protect somebody like Caitlyn (formerly Bruce) Jenner, who now dresses, acts and looks like a woman. Forcing Caitlyn to go to a men's restroom because she has a dick would almost certainly result in harassment or worse. We have to recognize, along with psychologists and physicians, that gender dysphoria or GID (gender identity disorder) is a legitimate malady. Forcing such people to live according to their birth-assigned gender is to condemn them to lives of suffering and anguish. This is what the whole modern civil rights movement is about: extending our empathy to minorities among us.

McCrory's "bathroom predator" angle is total bullshit—just like the "Cadillac welfare queen" or "Mexican rapist" or "fraudulent voter" legends that Republicans dredge up to push their regressive agendas. McCrory has become a Jedi master of this deceptive propaganda tactic. He has sponsored North Carolina's new voter ID law, based on another red herring: Voters without proper identification could be gaming the system! Hell, it's hard enough to get most Americans with driver's licenses to the polls, and studies have shown that actual voter fraud in the U.S. is about as common as dog stew or buzkashi (Afghan polo with a goat carcass). But the real meat of the new law—limiting early voting and preventing same-day voter registration and preregistration of high school students—was designed to suppress the Democratic vote.

These are not McCrory's people, so he doesn't give a shit about them and how much harder their lives have become under his administration. Like other GOP gubernatorial assholes, he refused to expand Medicaid under Obamacare, ensuring that 500,000 North Carolinians will suffer pain and premature death without access to medical care. He cut state unemployment benefits after the 2008 economic disaster, even though North Carolina had the fifth highest unemployment rate in the nation. He shifted $90 million from public education to privatized voucher schools and cut taxes on the top 5%, while raising them for the bottom 95%. Most of the state's abortion clinics have been shut down due to McCrory's laws, and he handed over roads paid for with taxpayer money to a private Spanish company for use as toll roads.

Then he repealed the Racial Justice Act of 2009, which allowed minority convicts to use statistics demonstrating bias in sentencing—because the statistics always prove this. *To hell with equal justice under the law*, McCrory thinks. *Gotta keep more of them uppity niggers in the hoosegow!*

In response to this onslaught of asinine legislation, religious leaders and the NAACP have been organizing Moral Monday protests throughout the state, with over 1,000 protestors arrested since 2013. They carry signs like this: "Welcome to North Carolina. Turn Your Watch Back 50 Years!"

Having spent most of his adult life working for Duke Energy (heavily invested in coal and oil), McCrory was sure to sign the Energy Modernization Act of 2014, allowing hydraulic fracking and even criminalizing disclosure of the chemicals used. Ten years from now Charlotte and Greensboro may be drinking water like Flint's, with cancer rates soaring—but there will always be a cozy office at profit-rich Duke waiting for McCrory once North Carolinians boot him out on his tush.

Maybe the Three Stooges of GOP governorship should all go duck hunting soon: Sam Brownback from Kansas, Bobby Jindal from Louisiana, along with pathetic Pat. They could drink plenty of Southern Comfort while commiserating about how their pipe dreams all went wrong. Then we can hope for a Dick Cheney-style trifecta of shotgun accidents. The way these guys misfire, the carnage would be a near certainty. H

UTAH'S NITTY GRITTY TITTY COMMITTEE

Hang on to your magic underwear, people of Utah. Your state government has officially declared pornography a "public health hazard." State Senator Todd Weiler sponsored the resolution, telling the *Salt Lake Tribune*, "Seventy years ago people said tobacco's not addictive and it's not harmful. That's what some people are saying about pornography today." Signed by the state's governor, Gary Herbert, in April, the resolution blames porn for a long list of social ills, from "lessening desire in young *men** to marry" to causing "biological addiction" leading to "risky sexual behaviors, extreme degradation, violence, and child sexual abuse images and child pornography."

You'd think a person from Utah—home to the nation's top consumers of porn, according to a 2009 Harvard study—could at least define *porn*, especially if that person is the same twit who came up with the resolution. But Weiler, a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, can't: "We don't get into the nitty gritty of saying *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Edition versus graphic, violent sex on the Internet, so we're just calling it pornography. We can let people draw their own conclusions as to what that is."

According to the resolution, "...the Legislature and the Governor recognize the need for education, prevention, research, and policy change at the community and societal level in order to address the pornography epidemic that is harming the people of our state and nation." The resolution is nonbinding—in other words, just a meaningless bunch of political posturing. "We're not spending money, and we're not banning anything," explained Weiler. This is far from true. Utah's 75 state representatives and 29 senators make $273 a day, plus $39 meal and $100 lodging allowances per diem, so every day full of useless bullshit costs Utah taxpayers a minimum of $42,848. In May 2016, Utah became one of 23 Republican state government trifectas, with a GOP governor and GOP majorities in the state senate and house of representatives. Well done, voters! You get what you deserve. Meanwhile, Mr. Flynt has done his part to help: "[T]he Utah Legislature is obviously confused about what constitutes a public health crisis, so I'll send them our latest issue and they can see for themselves that we're no danger to the public, only to the repressed."

* Our italics. Seriously, though. What kind of retarded, sexist "thinkers" are roaming Utah's state capitol?

DETACHABLE PENIS

Vandals of Arcachon, a small seaside resort in France, have cut off Heracles' dick for the last time. Erected in 1948 to honor local heroes of the French Resistance, the ten-foot marble man has been a perpetual victim of genital mutilation, with his prick hacked off several times over the years. Frankly, with a reputation for being a big, dumb brute, the mythological strongman was an obvious target for emasculation. Still, no one deserves that kind of treatment.

"I wouldn't want anyone—not even my worst enemies—to go through what happens to this statue," Mayor Yves Foulon told a regional newspaper. Journalist David Patsouris noted that where once a penis jutted, all that remains between the statue's "powerful thighs" is a stubby piece of metal "not even big enough to serve as a perch to a tiny bird." Somber stuff indeed.

Finally, the town is going to do what it can to help a mythological brother out: give him a detachable penis. "Considering Heracles' fragile manhood, we've chosen to give him a removable prosthetic that we can add to the statue before each ceremony," the town's deputy mayor, Martine Phelippot, explained. "This is the best solution. Otherwise you just end up constantly chasing after the anatomy of Heracles."

On the plus side, there's an opportunity to correct one of the humiliations perpetrated on the statue. Sculptor Claude Bouscau was forced to scale down the statue's penis a few times after locals complained that Heracles was way too big down there. No details have emerged concerning the new dick's scale, construction or design, but given that it's only available for special occasions, we hope Heracles and the town of Arcachon get the cock they want and deserve.

"One man's pornography is another man's art." —LARRY FLYNT, PUBLISHER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KELLY WEBB

BLOND AMBITION

Bakersfield, California. Home to those who struck it rich in the oil business, Basque immigrants and descendants of poor Oklahoman farmers who migrated during the Dust Bowl. More West Texas than West Coast. Famous for independent thinkers. Conservative, but with a far-ranging wild streak. In other words, a great location for HUSTLER Hollywood. "We're delighted to be opening the newest HUSTLER Hollywood store in Bakersfield," founder Larry Flynt announced. "We've had our eye on this market for a while and think the community is really going to be excited—and even a little surprised—when it sees the wide variety of high-quality merchandise lining our shelves."

Judging by the grand opening festivities, Bakersfield knows how to have a great time. Larry Flynt was on hand to sign autographs. There were games, giveaways and an open bar. But it was the local women who made this celebration especially memorable. All day long gorgeous contestants, including an entire busload of strippers, came in and had their photos taken to enter HUSTLER's first Bakersfield Honey Search—for a shot at winning a $500 store shopping spree and an appearance in HUSTLER Magazine. Unable to select just one, in the end Mr. Flynt crowned two HUSTLER Honeys, Casey and Sarah, both blond Bakersfield natives. It was reported that Mr. Flynt was smiling nonstop. These pictures explain why.

"I am who I am, I am what I am, I do what I do, and I ain't never gonna do it any different. I don't care who likes it and who don't." —BUCK OWENS, BAKERSFIELD LEGEND

TED'S XXX ADVENTURE

IMAGE COURTESY XHAMSTER

Looking to get off and vomit simultaneously? XHamster has procured porn featuring Ted Cruz doppelganger Searcy Hayes, a 21-year-old from Natchez, Mississippi, discovered on the *Maury Show*. "She's no stranger to heartache and pain," talk show host Maury Povich explained by way of introducing the woman who'd had five miscarriages with financé Freddie Green before finally giving birth to a healthy baby boy. Classy pappy Green responded by denying paternity and dumping Hayes. But none of that was as compelling to viewers as Hayes' startling resemblance to a certain Canadian-born, Cuban-American asshole. During the broadcast, people posted screen shots and incredulity on social media: "Why this looks like Ted Cruz in drag." "I don't get the trans hate from Ted Cruz. We all saw him cross-dressin' on the Maury Povich Show!" Within days the separated-at-birth Hayes and Cruz meme became enough of a sensation that porn site XHamster reached out with an $10,000 offer.

In response, ever-romantic Green (no relation to jazz guitarist Freddie Green, unfortunately) owned up to his DNA-proven paternity, reproposed to Hayes, started googling how to make porn with an iPhone and announced his spending plans: "We want to buy a truck, pay off our house, and we might get married," Green told the *Huffington Post*. "It's kind of exciting and shocking to know she's famous—she's more famous than Madonna!" In short order, the six-minute amateur porn movie had been shot, delivered and uploaded to XHamster. Is the action stimulating? Publicist Mike Kulich declined to comment, but did say he was surprised and impressed by the quality of the footage. "It's amateur, but very well shot," he said. Meanwhile, sitting in her backyard in Natchez, Searcy, who'd never even heard of Cruz before the viral meme, told a *Daily Mail* reporter, "I'm still shocked and amazed about it, but you know, God does what he wants to do."

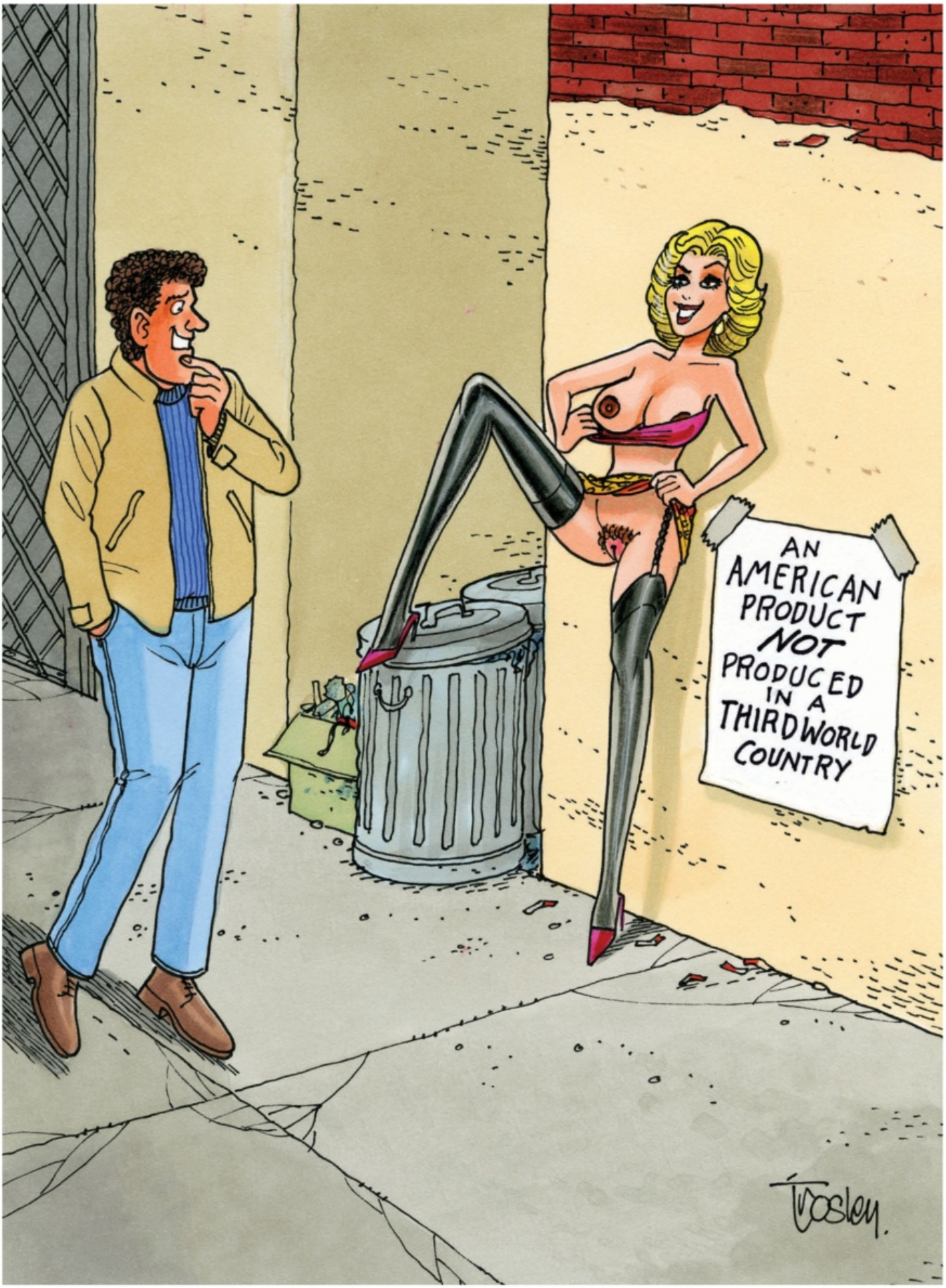
"Twenty years from now, if there is some obscure Trivial Pursuit question, I am confident I will be the answer." —TED CRUZ, U.S. SENATOR

"There, there, honey. Donald Trump is an asshole. He trades in his old, frumpy wife for a hot new model every few years...unlike me."

POLITICAL COMMENTARY

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION

This hilarious Queen Elizabeth II gif has been floating around the Internet for months. Seems Her Majesty recently turned 90 and decided she's finally old enough to tell the world exactly what she thinks of her pet peeves, like babies at dinner, three-piece suits, the word *pregnant*, men in shorts, fake bow ties and that pesky European Union.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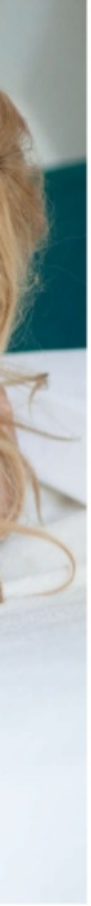
ALANA WOLFE

TAKE ME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAY AARON

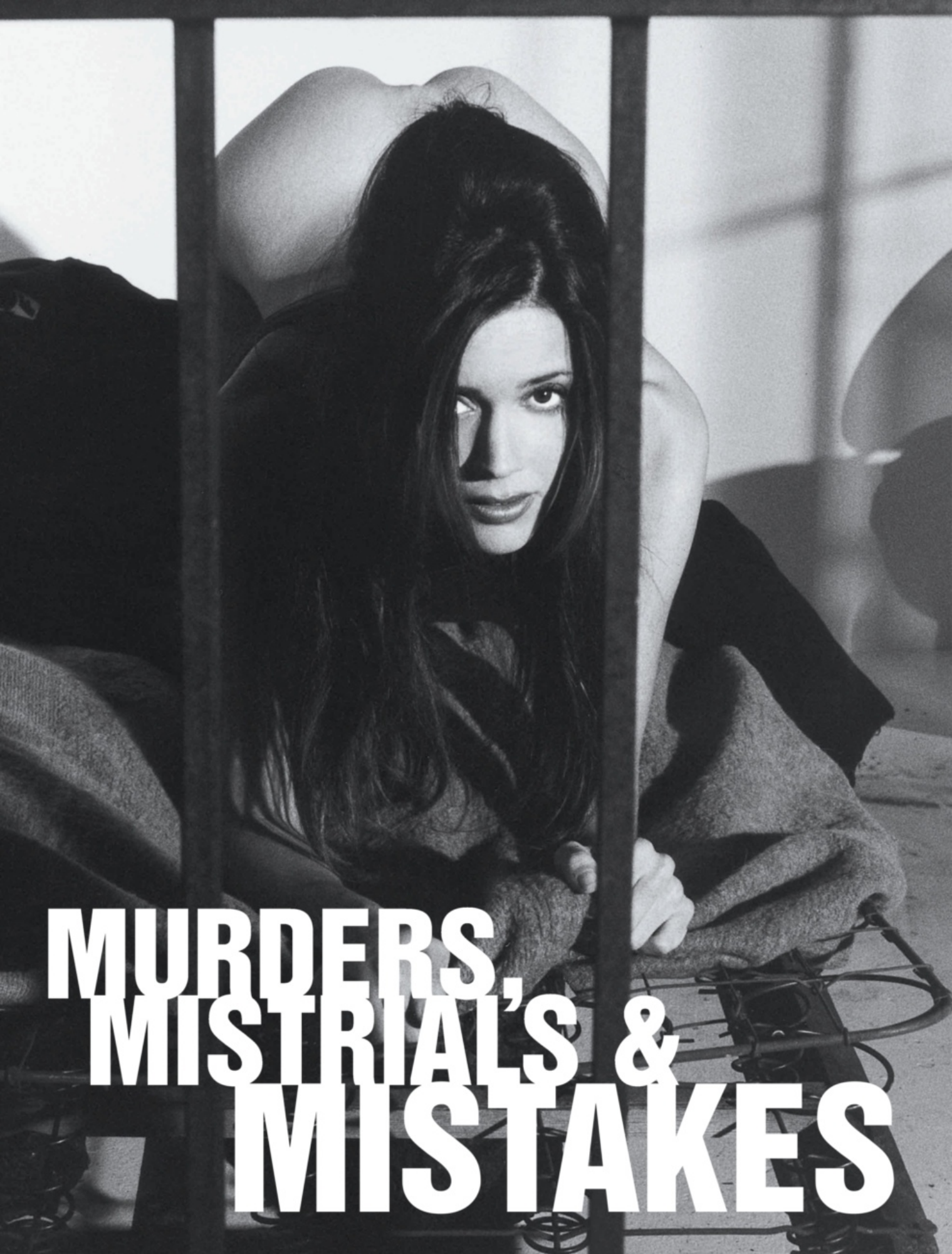
I like sex to last forever. None of this wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am. I'm talking 'all night long, all night.' Yes, I'm singing while I'm typing! I'm teeny, so use that to your advantage. Pick me up. Flip me over. I'm yours.

"Most of my fantasies have played out already. Except for one: During a music festival, in the busy crowd, I think it would be exciting to be taken from behind. Hopefully that'll happen at my next Tomorrowland or Defqon.1."



ALANA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Sydney, Australia** | AGE: **26** | HEIGHT: **5-2**
MEASUREMENTS: **32C-22-32** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@MissAlanaWolfe**


MURDERS,
MISTRIAL'S &
MISTAKES

THERE ARE OVER 2 MILLION MEN AND WOMEN INCARCERATED IN AMERICA'S STATE, FEDERAL AND PRIVATE PRISON SYSTEMS. THAT'S ALMOST A QUARTER OF THE WORLD'S INMATES. THE PROBLEM IS THAT MANY OF THEM DON'T BELONG BEHIND BARS.

IF EVEN 1% OF U.S. PRISONERS WERE WRONGFULLY CONVICTED, THEN TENS OF THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS ARE LANGUISHING IN CELLS UNJUSTLY, THEIR LIVES IRREVOCABLY ALTERED BY ERRORS, CORRUPTION, INCOMPETENCE OR A MIXTURE OF ALL THREE. AND RESEARCHERS ARE CONVINCED THE NUMBER IS MUCH HIGHER THAN 1%.

FOR A LUCKY FEW, HOWEVER, THERE'S HOPE. ACROSS AMERICA THERE ARE TEAMS OF SMALL PROFESSIONAL GROUPS WHO EXPEND SUPERHUMAN TIME AND EFFORT INTO FREEING THE INNOCENT. HUSTLER SPEAKS WITH THE FOUNDERS OF THE CALIFORNIA INNOCENCE PROJECT, AN ORGANIZATION THAT SPECIALIZES IN FIGHTING TO EXONERATE THE WRONGFULLY CONVICTED, AND INTERVIEWS TIMOTHY ATKINS, A MAN WHOSE YOUTH WAS STOLEN BY A FLAWED JUSTICE SYSTEM AND WHO SPENT OVER 20 YEARS BEHIND BARS BEFORE BEING FREED.

ARTICLE BY COLIN McCRACKEN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIRGINA LEE HUNTER & KIRK MILES

INCARCERATION NATION

The simple truth is that the U.S. prison system is a hugely profitable business. The private prison industry in the USA is listed on the stock market, with an estimated worth of over $70 billion. Coincidentally, from 1990 to 2009 there was a 1,600% increase in inmates sent to the private prisons now operating in 33 states, including California. They function much like factories, with prisoners receiving anywhere from 17 to 50 cents an hour for manual labor.

The two biggest American private prison companies are CCA and GEO Group, which constantly lobby Congress for higher bail charges and longer sentences, ensuring that their prisoners stay where they want them. Private institutions now account for approximately 7% of the total state prison population and 19% of the federal prison population.

Simply put, there is no incentive to keep people out of jail in a system like this. Though it's relatively easy to be wrongfully convicted of a crime in the U.S., it's almost impossible to have that sentence reversed. Many Americans find themselves in a Kafkaesque nightmare in which their whole world is stripped from them unjustly, and they face spending the rest of their lives in prison.

Timothy Atkins was one such individual.

NEW YEAR'S EVIL

In the early hours of New Year's Day 1985, flower shop owners Vincente and Maria Gonzalez were on their way to pick up their kids from a party. As they drove through Venice, California, two armed men appeared out of nowhere, and Vincente found himself staring down the barrel of a gun. The jackers wanted money and the vehicle, but apparently the Gonzalezes didn't respond quickly enough to their demands.

Vincente was fired upon at close range with a shotgun and died immediately from the blast. A necklace was torn from Maria, and the men absconded. Police cars filled the surrounding streets, sirens blaring, and a crowd gathered as the news spread.

One of the onlookers was a 17-year-old boy named Timothy Atkins, who had been with friends in a nearby apartment when the murder took place. Despite a lack of evidence, he would be the one the police insisted committed the crime. In a few days Atkins would be in a prison cell. He would be 40 years old before he saw freedom.

EYE FOR AN EYE

American justice is brutal, reactionary and seeped in emotion and politics. It is one of the few countries in the world to still insist on capital punishment, and there are approximately 3,000 inmates waiting to die in the U.S. at any given time. Over 150 of those prisoners have been exonerated and have walked free in the last four decades—people who were condemned to death for crimes they never committed. It was one such case that changed the course of Justin Brooks' career.

Brooks is now recognized as one of California's top lawyers. But during the 1990s he was still a law professor when he became aware of the case of Marilyn Mulero, a young woman placed on death row as the result of a plea bargain—and so without a trial. According to *National Geographic*'s Virginia Hughes, in the U.S. "some 95% of felony convictions are the result of plea bargains, with no formal evidence ever presented, and most never bother with an appeal." But to have someone sentenced to death as a result of plea bargain struck Brooks as so rare and startling, he began to investigate the case.

Mulero was arrested in 1992 after two members of the Latin Kings were killed in Humboldt Park, Chicago. She was interrogated at length in a language that was not her own, without counsel, which she >>

was denied, or sleep. A prepared statement was thrust in front of her. She was confused, exhausted and frightened, completely unaware she was signing her life away.

To the police, all that seemed to matter was drawing a line under their investigation. "It made no sense to me how anyone could be sentenced to death without a trial," Brooks tells HUSTLER. "I went to visit her in prison and discovered what happened. She told me she was innocent." He began a campaign that would eventually get her taken off death row.

SHE WAS INTERROGATED AT LENGTH IN A LANGUAGE THAT WAS NOT HER OWN, WITHOUT COUNSEL, WHICH SHE WAS DENIED, OR SLEEP. A PREPARED STATEMENT WAS THRUST IN FRONT OF HER.

FIGHT THE POWER

For some time thereafter Brooks operated a death row clinic in Michigan, representing condemned inmates. "That kind of work is very unique," he explains. "You're trying to save a person's life. I've always been opposed to the death penalty. I find it fundamentally immoral, very expensive, and it simply doesn't work. It's a thing that's uniquely American. We're not afraid to be completely out of whack with the rest of the world.... Criminal justice is not only unique in the U.S. but by state. That means that each state is allowed to run their criminal justice system the way they want. The disparity is incredible."

Such disparity means certain states maintain a higher rate of executions than others, the top rankings going to Oklahoma, Delaware, Texas and Virginia. The South remains the greatest advocate of capital punishment. But Brooks believes that this will all change in time: "You'll see individual states defeating the death penalty, and ultimately the Supreme Court will step in. It matters a lot who's on the Court, and that's why it's a huge deal that Justice Scalia died recently. He was a staunch supporter, and having [him replaced] with someone who is opposed could be a complete game changer."

CALIFORNIA INNOCENCE PROJECT

Working alongside the students who helped him on the Mulero case inspired Brooks. So when he moved to the Golden State, home to nearly 130,000 inmates, he founded the California Innocence Project.

"The idea was to put lawyers and law students together," says Brooks. "Students can put in hundreds of thousands of hours as part of their education. If we put together a good enough case, we can get people out of prison."

Founded in 1999, the Project has grown from Brooks and one assistant to ten full-time lawyers and around 30 students. With up to 2,000 applications from prisoners and their families coming in every year, this relatively small team is constantly busy. Michael Semanchik, staff attorney at the organization, explains how the process works: "We have clinic students and interns. The interns do the initial screenings, contact the inmates and collect their legal documents. They tell us if it's a good case or not. Clinic students are typically second-year law students at California Western who are assigned eight to ten cases each. They go out in the field and investigate the claims, go to the prison and talk to the client, interview witnesses and track down evidence for DNA testing."

THE ONGOING TRIALS OF TIMOTHY ATKINS

Timothy Atkins, the man who was charged with the murder of Vincente Gonzalez, was convicted on false testimony, one of the most common causes of wrongful conviction. Denise Powell, a heavy drug user who knew Atkins through friends, fabricated a story about hearing him confess to the crime. Word got back to the police, and Powell was brought in for questioning. She was intensely interrogated and, when threatened with prison time, gave the police two names: Timothy Atkins and Ricky Evans. Both were subsequently arrested.

For Atkins the most shocking part of the process was how, as a young black man, no one would listen to his side of the story. "For a kid to be picked up off the streets at 17 years old and charged with a first-degree murder rap like that was a nightmare," Atkins tells HUSTLER. "In court, people talk about how you killed somebody. But you can't open your mouth—you're in complete disbelief, because you know in your heart that you're innocent."

In the years leading up to the incident, Atkins had been in trouble for stupid teen stuff, like playing hooky from school and stealing the occasional car stereo, but nothing that showed any predilection toward violence. "I was a juvenile delinquent," he recalls, "but I wasn't a bad kid. I mean, I ran the streets doing petty stuff, being a knucklehead."

The probation department was already looking for Atkins when he was arrested; he hadn't been at school for two weeks. "For them to say that I went from that to murder, I didn't get it." He still can't believe it. "I didn't even know what I was being arrested for. It wasn't until they handcuffed me to the bench—I saw an officer who used to be chasing me all the time, and he said, 'They got you in here for murder, but I know you didn't do that. I know what you do.'"

Atkins immediately protested. He'd never been violent: "Any crime that I had committed, I never committed against a person."

The first sign that things were going badly for Atkins was when prosecutors offered him a deal that would see him serve 15 years to life. He refused; it would be an admission of guilt. The second crushing development was when they moved his case out of the juvenile court system, meaning he would be tried as an adult. >>

During questioning, Maria Gonzalez told police that the people who robbed her and shot her husband were 5-4 and 5-6 tall and weighed about 125 to 130 pounds. At the time of Atkins' arrest, he was six feet tall and 175 to 180 pounds. "I just didn't fit the description," he says. "When I first went to court, they brought out Ms. Gonzalez and put her on the stand. They asked her a simple question, 'Do you see the individual who robbed you and shot your husband in this room?' Maria Gonzalez looked around the courtroom, but she couldn't give an answer. They immediately took a recess. They took her out in the hallway, brought her back and asked her the question again. She said, 'Yeah, he's sitting right there' and pointed to me. I never understood how they could get away with that."

Timothy Atkins was sentenced to 32 years to life. Ricky Evans never made it that far. While the two men were incarcerated in the county jail, gang members attacked them in their cells, afraid that they might provide police with information on the real killers. After making the pair fight each other, they were jumped. Atkins was brutally injured. Evans was beaten to death.

"It was all a hellish nightmare. You feel helpless; there's nothing you can do. All this chaos is going on around you, because being in prison is like being in a human zoo," expounds Atkins. "You don't know from day to day if you're gonna make it in there. You walk out of that cell every day around a bunch of killers or whatever. That's how I had to live 23 years of my life. Every day I had to be on high alert. To live like that, it's unreal."

When a standard prisoner is discharged, they are released with a few hundred dollars so they can get a bus, get a room for the night and so on. When an exonerated prisoner is released, they are sent out the door with nothing.

Incidentally, Timothy Atkins imprisonment cost the taxpayer $1,035,000. The law states that for every day a prisoner is wrongfully incarcerated, they should receive a certain amount of money, between $100 and $200 for each day of imprisonment. In Atkins' case he is owed somewhere in the vicinity of $800,000. He hopes to use the funds to start a center for gang awareness programs, to show young people in the neighborhood that there are other options. "I like to get the word out," he says of his community work. "Young people especially need to know, because it's easy for them to follow suit in the wrong direction, and there's not enough information to help them put their lives on the right track. Everything is so negative, and young people need to hear positive stuff. They also need to be taken out of these environments and shown that the world is bigger than just the community they live in."

An admirable use of the money, had the state actually paid him. "California is not in the business of compensating anybody," says Atkins. "Out of 150-something people, only 11 or so actually got their compensation.

"YOU WALK OUT OF THAT CELL EVERY DAY AROUND A BUNCH OF KILLERS OR WHATEVER. THAT'S HOW I HAD TO LIVE 23 YEARS OF MY LIFE. EVERY DAY I HAD TO BE ON HIGH ALERT."

Weeks became months, which became years, which became decades. Hope diminished. "The first ten years was rough," admits Atkins. "I felt that if they weren't going to let me out, then I was gonna make them do something to me, because I wasn't going to spend the rest of my life in jail for something I didn't do."

Thankfully Atkins met with a childhood friend who suggested that he start writing letters to different organizations and try and find some help. One of those letters landed on the desk of the California Innocence Project in 2001.

Wendy Koen, a second-year law student at the time, took on the case. She spent years tracking Denise Powell down and finally managed to get a written witness retraction shortly before Powell died. This set Atkins on the road to freedom. "Sitting down with Wendy gave me hope," he recalls, "but I knew, after they filed the writ, the ultimate decision would be up to the judge. The same judge that sent me to prison was the same judge that let me out. After all those years he was still on the bench." He was sent home with an apology and not much else.

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME, RIGHT?

So how does a person get wrongfully convicted? To come from a socially disadvantaged area seems to be a common factor, as does being a minority, but the truth is that it can happen to anyone if the circumstances allow. Most of this is due to failures in the current legal system.

Inadequate representation, prosecutorial and police misconduct, perjured testimonies, false informant testimonies, erroneous jury instructions and ineffective assistance of counsel have all been cited as prominent reasons behind wrongful incarcerations. The California Innocence Project sees several recurring factors and believes false confessions play a major role.

"The first fallacy that people have about confessions is that the police are trained to get the truth," confirms Brooks. "They're trained by a method that teaches someone to agree with them. That whole process doesn't work. If the suspect is a kid, has a low IQ or just wants to please the police, they might go along with it. These people think they'll never be convicted because they didn't do it, but then the police drum up a snitch or do a bad ID, and that person goes to prison for the rest of their life."

Innocence Project staff attorney Semanchik adds that witness >>

identification remains one of the leading causes of wrongful conviction in the U.S. "Our brains don't operate like a video recorder," he explains. "We think that we're really good at making identifications of others, and what we've found is that we're just not."

This would have been particularly relevant to the Timothy Atkins case. "Research has shown," Semanchik continues, "that this is especially bad in a situation where there's a weapon involved or a heightened, intense moment. If someone pulls a gun on you, it's less likely that you're going to be able to memorize that person's face. It only gets worse if you're trying to identify someone who's not your race."

A major development in recent years concerns the debunking of the junk science often used in convictions. Certain areas of evidence, considered gospel only a few decades ago, are now scrutinized carefully before being used in the courtroom. For example, in February 2016, the Texas Forensic Science Commission recommended a ban on the use of bite-mark evidence in criminal trials when making identification.

"We have relied on this bite-mark evidence for years in the U.S.," Semanchik says. "We have a case, William Richards from San Bernardino, which went to trial three times, and he didn't get convicted. They had hung juries. And at the fourth trial he got convicted. The only difference was the bite-mark evidence put forward in that one."

Years later the expert who testified in the Richards case recanted his testimony, saying that not only was it not William Richards' bite mark, but that it didn't look like a bite mark at all. Despite this, Richards remains in prison to this day, where he is currently suffering from cancer. He may not live to see his exoneration.

Changes and discoveries within the fields of forensic science, hair analysis, shaken baby syndrome and fire investigation underscore the areas where junk science may have played a role in incarcerating innocent people. "The lead bullet analysis has changed," continues Semanchik, "but even things like fingerprint evidence and hair or fiber comparison is not nearly as good as we once thought."

Brooks insists, "We've also had big problems with snitch testimonies, when guys are willing to say anything to get out from under their own charges or get a lesser charge. I see bad investigation done by the defense, the prosecution and the police all the time, where people just didn't look at the facts." He also cites cynical district attorneys as problematic. "The clients say they're innocent, and the district attorneys don't really believe them. So they don't follow up on their alibi to see if it checks out."

"THERE WAS A WHITE POLICE OFFICER IN CONNECTICUT WHO WAS WRONGFULLY CONVICTED, AND WHEN I SAW THAT IT HAPPENED TO HIM, I KNEW IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE."

LIFE BEYOND BARS

Aside from the PTSD, financial and integration issues exonerees face, there can still be problems once they make it out, simply because of the time they have spent in prison, says Brooks. "Some people will think *Maybe he did it* or *He's probably a bad guy from all the time he spent in there.* There's still stigma."

But what of Marilyn Mulero, the woman whose case basically launched the Innocence Project? "The sad part of that story is, while I was able to get her off death row, I'm actually still representing her, trying to get that guilty plea withdrawn," Brooks says forlornly. "I've been to the Supreme Court with it and lost. The latest thing is that I filed a petition with the United Nations saying it was a human rights violation to sentence someone to death on a plea bargain. I've never been able to get that plea withdrawn so I can get her a trial. It's sad because she's seen me walk a lot of people out of prison since I began her case, and that was the one which got me started in this work."

It begs the question of what can be done to change things, if anything.

The Innocence Project has made many proposals throughout the years, including a best practices for IDs, with improved procedures. "Studies have shown that six-pack photo arrays, for example, don't work," Brooks explains. "You need to have people look at photos one at a time. The biggest reform is that you can't have anyone in the room who knows who the suspect is when an ID is going on, as you'll always have tells that indicate."

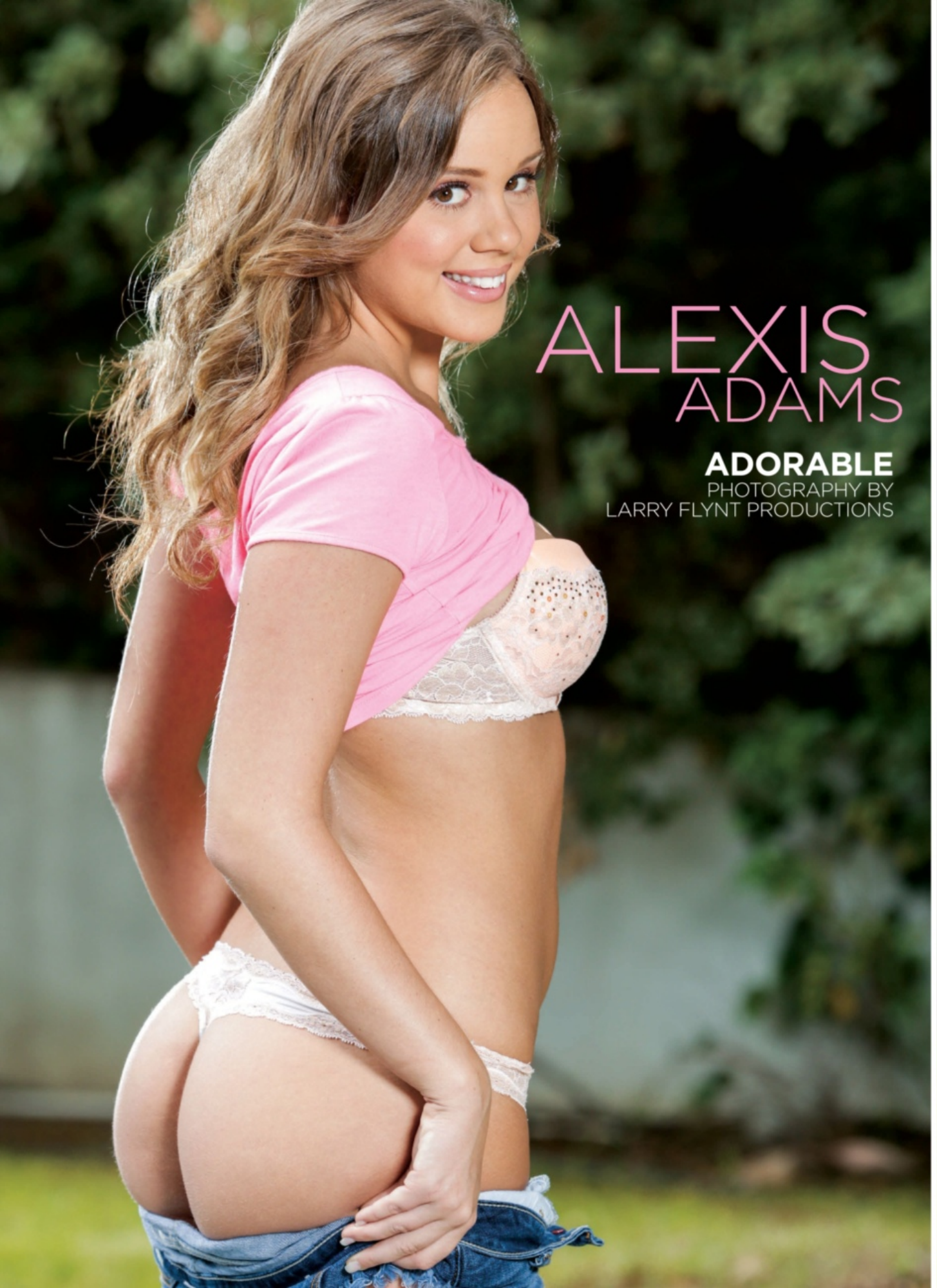
He also suggests mandatory video recording of all procedures to ensure that they are properly done. "We need to record all confessions and all statements so later on we can review them for threats, context and content—and to reform snitch testimonies to make sure that everything is disclosed to the other side. We need to fund experts and investigators for the defense. There's a remedy for every single cause of wrongful conviction. Nothing will make the system perfect, but we can greatly reduce the number of mistakes. We all should have the same goal, which is to get the right person."

When the subject of Timothy Atkins arises, it's clear that it weighs heavily on his soul. "Tim Atkins has been so screwed over so many times. He just keeps struggling on and doing the best that he can. It breaks my heart every time I see him, but we are still fighting for his compensation."

One of Brooks' final comments in his interview hits hard: "These guys aren't heroes. These guys aren't villains. These are just regular people who got caught up in these extraordinary circumstances. There was a white police officer in Connecticut who was wrongfully convicted, and when I saw that it happened to him, I knew it could happen to anyone." H

"White people matter...more!"

"I'm sorry...the senator has stepped out of his office for three to five years with possible time off for good behavior."



ALEXIS ADAMS

ADORABLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

All natural 34Cs, my boobs definitely get me attention. They popped up out of nowhere my junior year. During school you couldn't tell because we had a dress code, but when I went out, people would always say, 'Wow! When did you get titties?'

"I'm a Scorpio, extremely sexual and passionate. I come off as shy, but start a conversation with me and I'll talk forever. I'm not picky about cock so long as a guy knows how to work it. I love lots of foreplay, like kiss my neck, play with my pussy, lick my asshole. I look innocent, so guys are usually surprised by how dirty and rough I get. Fire me up and I'm down to try pretty much anything."

LONDON KEYES FOR PRESIDENT

IN THE UPCOMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, THE CANDIDATES ARE EITHER DULL OR CRAZY, AND THEIR PLATFORMS ARE A MIXTURE OF UNIMAGINATIVE, UNWORKABLE IDEAS. BUT VOTERS NEED NOT DESPAIR. POLITICALLY ACTIVE PORN STAR AND PATRIOTIC AMERICAN LONDON KEYES HAS A POTENTIAL FIX: CONSIDER HER AS A WRITE-IN CANDIDATE.

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFERD GUENTHOER

"I can be an appealing alternate choice for people who are passionate about their civil liberties," she explains, "similar to Ralph Nader in 2000…but I also suck cock and enjoy taking it up the ass."

My interview with London is at her tastefully appointed Hollywood home; she's clearly doing well for herself. As I approach the entrance, I spot a handwritten note taped to the front door: "Come on in."

I wander on through the house and into the backyard to find London Keyes swimming…stark naked. When she sees me, she paddles over to the shallow end and stands up in the water. "Hi," she says, grinning a megawatt covergirl smile. "I'm London. Very nice to meet you."

I am wholly unprepared for how pretty this woman is in person. Not only does she have a rockin' body; she's got an exotic, exquisite face. She's also got some serious ink.

"These birds are swallows," she says politely as she towels off and notices me staring at her rack a bit too intently. "They mean freedom."

"What about those flowers?" I point.

"Cherry blossoms," London explains. "In Japanese culture they're a metaphor for the tentative nature of life. It's kind of a Buddhist thing…to remind me that I have limited time on Earth, and it's precious. I think politicians should get similar tattoos. They're messing up the planet."

I ask her if she has always been interested in philosophy and politics. "Absolutely," she says, "I've always been an older soul. I need to decompress sometimes to find the joy in my life…reading great minds, Eastern religion. I wanted to be a writer and then maybe run for office. I was fascinated by the way people react the way they do in relationships. I didn't exactly know what the field of psychology was called when I was young, but that was the area I gravitated toward. I wanted to understand people better and then figure out a way to help them. And I still read psychology books, but I got sidetracked. Boys, partying. My senior year I took a cosmetology class and worked at it awhile when I got out of high school. I >>

always liked sex," she giggles. "My first boyfriend had an enormous dick. He spoiled me. It got me to thinking that I might have the temperament for the adult industry."

"I like Hillary Clinton," she tells me. "I feel a kinship to her because she's at the top of a world that's run by men, just like the porn business. But she's never said anything in support of the adult industry. I have a feeling she might discriminate unfairly against us because she's got such a horny husband." She smiles slyly. "I think there may be room for another strong female candidate in the upcoming election."

"I LOVE, LOVE ANAL. WHY? BECAUSE WHETHER IT HURTS OR NOT, THE REACTION IS REAL. THAT'S WHAT I CRAVE, WHAT'S REAL."

The cock-loving young cosmetologist first tried nude dancing at a local club in her hometown, Seattle, Washington. "It was fun," she recalls. "I really liked the attention. And the money of course... so I decided to go to the next step."

That next step was fucking on camera. London had a friend who was dating a girl in the porn business. Introductions were made, and she soon got her first gig in the San Fernando Valley. "I got very lucky. I hooked up with an agent who didn't throw me to the sharks. What could have been scary and burned me out quickly was great fun."

"Is it still fun?" I ask.

"I wanted to be a success, not go down a drug-addicted, burnout road, and I have—I've been doing this for years, and I'm still working. I'm proud to have turned out the opposite of what everyone expected of me."

"When you say the opposite, you mean the fact that you make a good living?"

"That's part of it," London responds. "When a girl says she's not in this business for the money, I say, 'You're the biggest motherfucking liar.' Of course I'm in this business for the money, and I'm proud of what I make. But I'm also proud of how this business has made me a better, happier person. It's not just about feeling good. I love the feeling I get from getting stuffed with cock and from eating pussy, but what I love most about fucking is that the feelings it produces are real and honest. That's why I get so frustrated by politicians today. Take anal, for example."

She laughs at my confusion. "Let me try this again. I love, love anal. Why? Because whether it hurts or not, the reaction is real. That's what I crave, what's real. Dishonesty in life, in performance, in the political process—that's what makes me crazy."

It may not be a political analysis you'd hear on *Meet the Press*, but it actually makes pretty good sense. London adores giving head "because of the real reaction of her partner." She loves gangbang scenes "because if I feel safe with who I'm with, I can totally let go and have fun. I can express myself physically 100% honestly." She loves girl-on-girl scenes "when the girl I'm with completely lets go and enjoys the energy of the performance." Porn, to London, is honestly produced, expressive adrenaline. Achieving regular orgasms gets her to an elevated emotional plane that's an exhilarating, physical and psychological journey—and reinforces her instinct to be honest in everything she does. London expects the same level of honesty from her political representatives.

I ask Ms. Keyes about her platform. "Politics today is a circus," she responds. "Candidates are taking serious issues like immigration and the economy and distorting them to confuse and scare people. I would have an honest, constructive discussion about how to genuinely fix things."

"What about sex?" I wonder. "Would sexual issues be part of your campaign?"

"Of course," London grins. "In addition to making sure workers in the adult industry aren't discriminated against, I'd want to have a more open conversation about sex in general, how to make it better. For example, I don't think women play with men's balls enough. Speaking from personal experience, it's fabulous fun to play with a man's sac." H

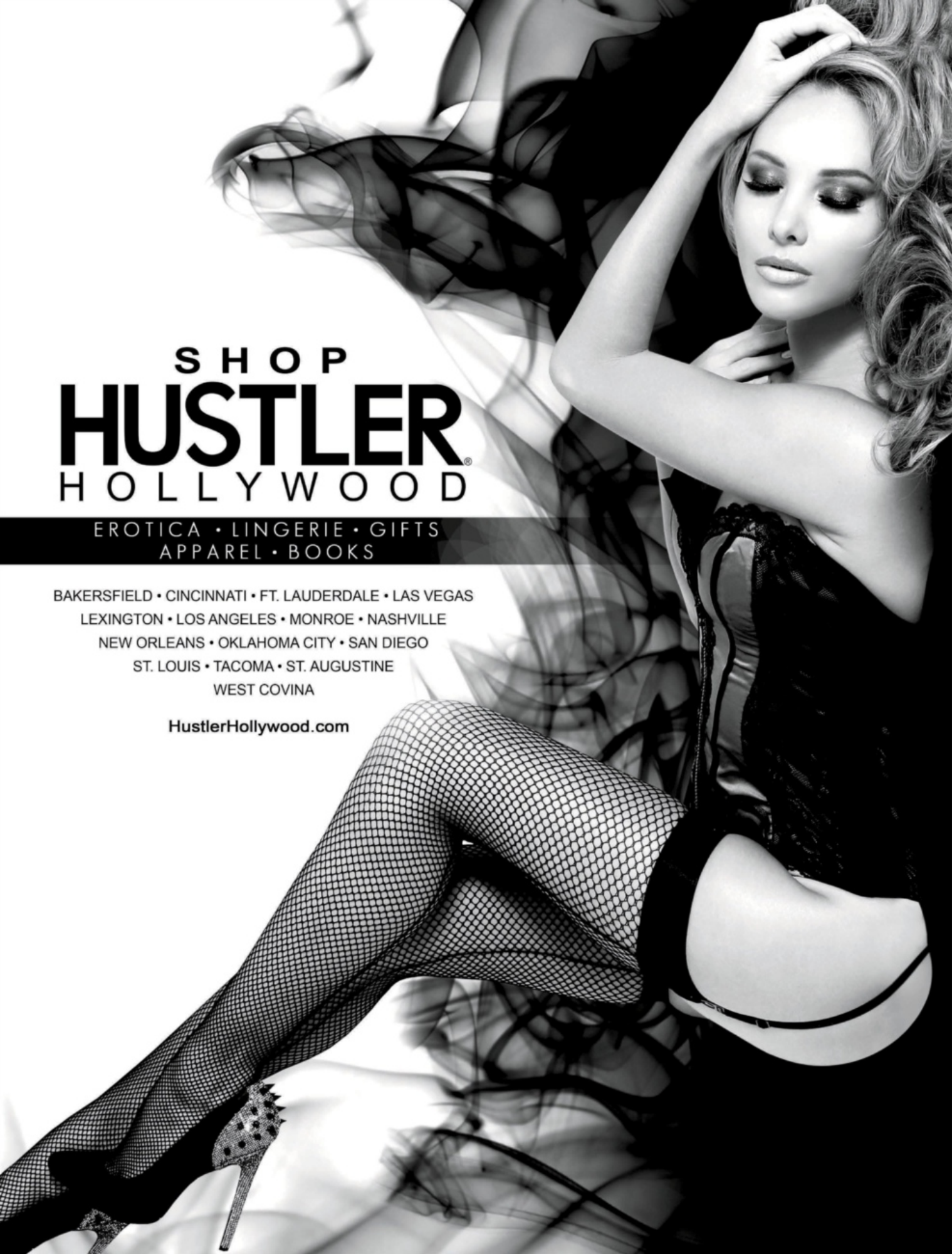
Cast your vote at **LondonKeyes.com**, *and follow her campaign on Twitter @LondonKeyes.*

ANITA
PERFECT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CR INC.

My perfect afternoon: a bottle of Bulleit and hours with nothing to do but sip bourbon and play with myself. I masturbate with every toy I own, thinking about past lovers and fantasizing about the boy who sat two chairs over in algebra. A warm glow spreads over and all through my body. When my clit is almost too tender to touch anymore, I sit in the tub and play with my magic wand."

ANITA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Prague, Czech Republic** | AGE: **30** | HEIGHT: **5-8**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-25-35** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**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WOMAN, YOU KNOW I GO OUT EVERY DAY BUSTING MY ASS, TRYING TO MAKE YOU HAPPY!
IF YOU WERE REALLY SERIOUS ABOUT MY HAPPINESS, YOU WOULD LET ME FUCK THE MAILMAN.
MARRI
COUNSE
WINNERS

NATALIE HEART
&
ELLE ALEXANDRA
THE GIRLFRIEND EXPERIENCE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TAMMY SANDS

I'm really into cars. I've grown up around them, and currently I do auto rallies all over the country. I even wrench on my own vehicles. Any time cars and sex go together, I'm a happy girl. Don't be afraid to bend me over a Jeep or toss me into a backseat—I really won't mind.

"If I'm not mistaken, this was Natalie's first girl-girl scene. I'm honored to have taken her lesbian porn virginity. The grass was super itchy, but Natalie is so hot, I didn't care." —**Elle**

Male, female, I'm good with either, as long as there's passion. With a guy my favorite position is doggy. I just love it when a man takes control. Shows how masculine he is. It's seriously sexy watching a man take what's his.

"Elle was amazing to work with. I can honestly say that she really loves girls as much as I do. Things definitely got steamy, and I'd love to play with her again." —**Natalie**

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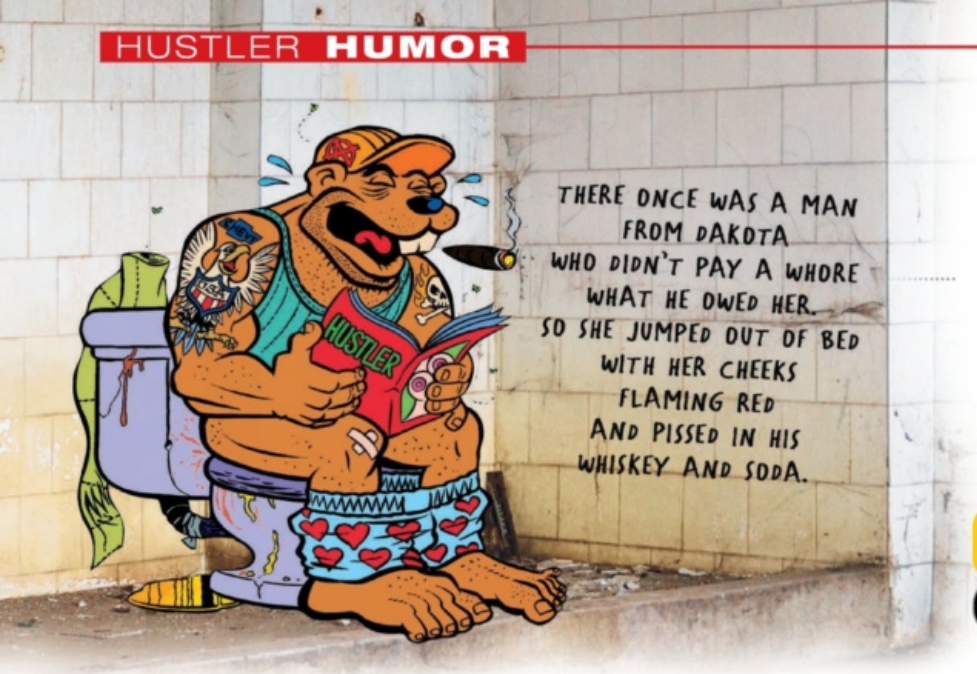
NATALIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Henderson, Kentucky**
AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-7**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-26-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER/INSTAGRAM: **@NatalieHeartXXX**

ELLE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Bakersfield, California**
AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **34A-24-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Facedown, ass up, arms behind my back ;)**
TWITTER/INSTAGRAM: **@ElleHeartsGirls**



A married couple was at a restaurant when a beautiful woman walked up to their table, leaned over and warmly kissed the husband.

"Who was that?" the wife demanded angrily as the woman sauntered off.

"That was my mistress," her husband admitted candidly.

"Your mistress? I want a divorce!"

"Do you really want to give up your big house, the Mercedes, your jewelry and credit cards?" asked the hubby. "You do remember signing a prenup."

For the next half hour there was frosty tension between the two. Finally breaking the silence, the wife nudged her husband. "Isn't that Ted over there?" she asked. "Who's that young woman he's with?"

"That's his mistress."

"Huh," said his wife, taking a mouthful of dessert. "Ours is much prettier."

Question: Why do bagpipers always walk while they play?

Answer: To get away from the noise.

Little Billy walked into a pharmacy and asked the lady behind the counter for a box of tampons.

"Did your mom tell you what kind of tampons she wants?" the clerk asked.

Billy shook his head. "They aren't for my mother."

"Your sister?"

"Nope. They're for me," he replied, smiling proudly.

"Why on earth do you need tampons?"

"Well," explained Billy, "I saw on TV, if you have a box of these, you can do anything! Ride horseback, roller-skate, go swimming, rock climbing..."

John approached a woman in a nightclub and said, "Would you like to dance?"

"No, thanks," the woman replied. "I don't like this song. And even if I did, I still wouldn't dance with you. I don't mean to be rude, but you really aren't my type."

"Huh?" John cleared his throat. "I think you might have misunderstood me. I said, 'You look fat in those pants.'"

A great white shark was teaching his son how to hunt for humans: "First, raise your dorsal fin out of the water and start circling. Then close in and eat him."

"Why waste time circling them?" asked his son.

The wise, elder shark replied, "They taste way better without their shit inside."

Question: Why did God make women so damn stupid?

Answer: So they'd like men.

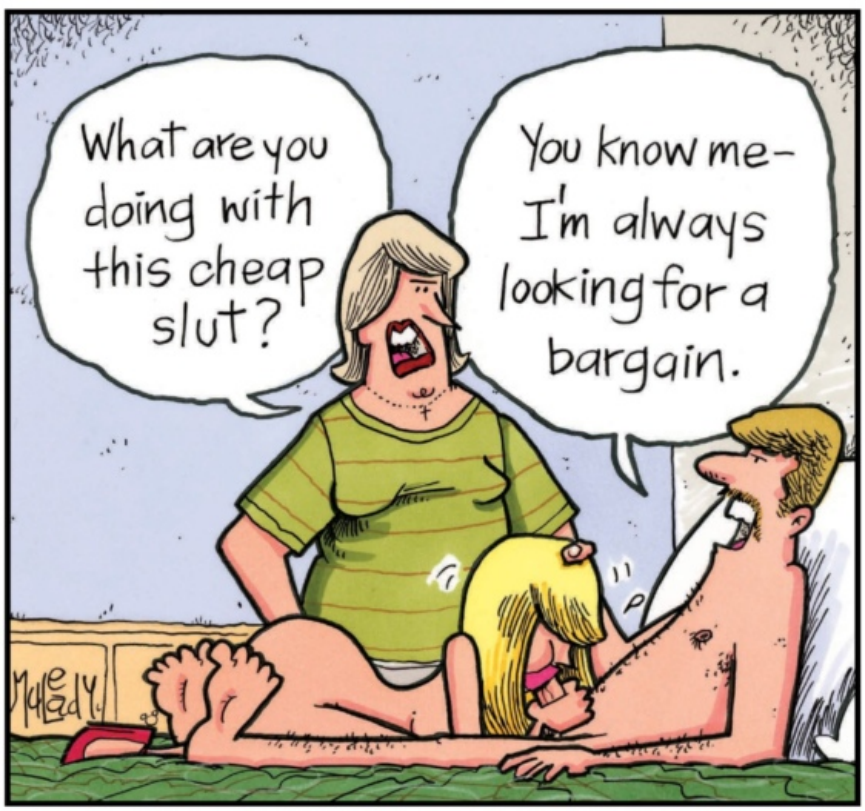
Bill Clinton stepped off a private plane carrying a small dog.

"Great dog, sir," said his secret service agent appreciatively.

"Thanks. I got it for Hillary," Bill replied.

"Good trade, sir."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



HEY, BABY, DON'T YA WANNA TURN THAT TV OFF AND COME GET YA SOME OF THIS ?
NAH, I'M GOOD.

BADASS BEAUTY PAGENTS

BY FELIX CLAY

BRAZIL'S MISS BUMBUM CONTESTANTS 2015
PHOTO © XINHUA / ALAMY

IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN, WHEN WE ARBITRARILY PICK ONE LADY FROM EVERY STATE AND THEN RANDOMLY SELECT ONE OF THOSE AND DECLARE HER MISS AMERICA. OR IF STEVE HARVEY IS HOSTING, HE CROWNS WHATEVER GIRL'S NAME HE CAN PRONOUNCE REGARDLESS OF WHAT THE CARD SAYS. IT'S AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

OVER THE YEARS THE BEAUTY PAGEANT HAS BEEN SHIT ON A BIT, WITH PEOPLE DECIDING IT'S SEXIST OR DEGRADING AND EVEN SOME SUGGESTING THAT THE SWIMSUIT PORTION OF A COMPETITION ISN'T APPROPRIATE. ARGUABLY IT'S THE MOST APPROPRIATE PORTION OF A CONTEST IN WHICH A WOMAN STANDS IN FRONT OF STRANGERS AND ASKS TO BE CONSIDERED HOTTER THAN ALL THE OTHER WOMEN ONSTAGE, BUT WHAT THE HELL DO WE KNOW? WE KNOW THIS: A STANDARD, FAMILY-FRIENDLY AMERICAN BEAUTY PAGEANT HAS NOTHING ON THE PAGEANTS FEATURED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES. IF YOU THINK PUTTING MISS NEW HAMPSHIRE IN A BIKINI AND ASKING HER TO PLAY UKULELE IS STRANGE, MAN, CHECK OUT BRAZIL'S MISS PENITENTIARY, IN WHICH LOVELY LADIES FROM TEN HIGH-SECURITY PRISONS COMPETE TO SEE WHO'S THE HOTTEST SHOWER SHANKER OF THE BUNCH. >>

BRAZIL'S MISS BUMBUM

A big thumbs-up to Brazil for having the balls to call a spade a spade and call a contest to look at gorgeous asses a contest to look at gorgeous asses. The Miss Bumbum competition starts with roughly 500 butts and the ladies attached to them and whittles them down to one perfect ass for the year.

What's the upside to becoming a butt superstar? You get about $22,000 in ass-related endorsements, so probably things like yoga pants, adult diapers, butt plugs, suppositories and Astroglide. You also get to become an instant celebrity in a country where ass is king (or queen) and is respected and coveted by all. You have to respect the Brazilians in a lot of ways. Or at least in this way. We could learn from them.

How big a deal is Miss Bumbum? Aside from rocketing your social media profile into the stratosphere—Suzy Cortez, Miss Bumbum 2015, has hundreds of thousands of followers on Instagram—the competition is taken very seriously. Back in 2013 two contestants were on the hook for bribing judges. One contestant was alleged to have corrupted a judge with a $32,000 kickback. Since the winner only receives $22,000 in endorsements, that boost of fame must be worth a hell of a lot.

MISS KLINGON EMPIRE

2016 marked the 17th year of the Miss Klingon Empire Beauty Pageant, held in Atlanta, Georgia. That's a solid 17 years of ladies putting on massive forehead ridges, funked-up orthodontics and metallic bustiers to show their all as an aggressively sexual lady-beast from 1960s science fiction.

Lady Klingons are judged based on three different categories—beauty, talent and personality, all of which are rooted in Klingonness. If you've ever watched *Star Trek*, you're aware that the females have ample cleavage, teeth like weasels, and they yell a lot. More than once the show has included jokes about the way Klingons smell, so feel free to imagine. Then on with the pageant!

In terms of beauty, contestants are judged based on the quality of costume, makeup and modeling. Poise, grace and authenticity of persona are all considered because of course they are. It's worth noting here that nearly all female Klingons on film have demonstrated an obvious subtext of angry sexuality. Like these ladies would do you and leave you bruised and broken by the time they're through, which is kind of awesome. It makes up for the awful teeth.

As the pageant rolls on, entrants have five minutes to demonstrate a talent. Rules include the warning that any talent is acceptable "so long as the presentation does not endanger herself, other contestants, the master of ceremonies, the judges or the audience." We wondered what kind of madness occurred in the past that they had to word it this way and found videos online of ladies in long, silvery dresses throwing down with Klingon bat'leths.

The final segment is a personality competition during which contestants are asked a single question. The rules warn, "Contestants who dodge, avoid or refuse to answer the question will be disqualified." Previous questions inquired about sexual encounters with other species. But perhaps this year they will ask an entrant if her family knows she's doing this or if that sweet alien rack is real.

URICA WALKED AWAY WITH A BRAND-NEW TITANIUM GAM, ALONG WITH A SWEET GRAND, APPLIANCES, CLOTHES, A WEEKEND GETAWAY AND A MOTORCYCLE.

MISS DRUMSTICKS

If you were hoping for a sexy chicken contest, we're sorry to disappoint. Miss Drumsticks is less about birds and more about thighs. For over 50 years the Turkey Trot Festival in Yellville, Arkansas, has been trotting out gals who cover their upper bodies with cutout turkeys so that only their legs are exposed. It's like Miss Bumbum, only slightly more Southern, an excuse to keep the sayings "Look at those gams" and "Legs for days" alive.

Surprisingly, this competition is actually broken into numerous smaller competitions—ten of them to be exact. The first nine are just Miss Turkey Trot titles, but the final is Miss Drumsticks. The difference? Age, for one. The first Miss Turkey Trot competition, with an entrance fee of $35, is for competitors in the birth to 23-month age range. The winner gets the coveted Baby Miss Turkey Trot crown and, presumably, a small bag of giblets. Next up are Tiny Miss, Mini Miss, Petite Miss and Pre-Teen Miss Turkey Trot, etc., until finally we get to the Miss Drumsticks competition for 16-year-olds and up. Until recently you had to be age 16 to 24 to enter. If you were over 25 and thought you had nice legs, you were welcome to show them off at the old folks' home, but not at the contest. But it's a kinder, gentler world these days in Yellville, and now they even allow the old spinsters to compete.

Past Drumsticks have won trips abroad and had their luscious gams featured on national TV. Or so they claim, since no one has seen their faces to confirm. Losers are sent back to the turkey fields to chase down Thanksgiving dinner.

MISS JUMBO QUEEN

You can't help but love Thailand's Miss Jumbo Queen contest for its noble cause. You see, every May a woman who best exhibits the qualities of an elephant is chosen to lead a caravan of food and fruit to the Jumbo Banquet, all while promoting the cause of elephant conservation.

Interested contestants must be between 18 and 35 and weigh at least 175 pounds. They must also have a pleasant personality and

MISS LANDMINE CAMBODIA 2009
PHOTO © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CREATIVE / ALAMY

good interpersonal skills, because this is about elephant conservation, and no one wants a bitchy elephant ambassador. The contest has existed since 1997.

There's also a Malaysia Miss Jumbo Queen pageant, which has the exact same entrance requirements, only no affiliation with elephants, meaning it's not how much you remind people of an elephant so much as, "We like big girls. Please wear a swimsuit."

MISS LANDMINE

This pageant has badass written all over it, but in generally less offensive language. The dichotomy between the joyful celebration of a beauty pageant and the tragic reality of landmines is pretty intense. Working with the tagline "Everyone has a right to be beautiful," it seems like you're in for a case of the warm and fuzzies, but these chicks are hardcore, lining up in evening wear sans limbs.

The first Miss Landmine was crowned in 2008 in Angola. Augusta Urica, a 31-year-old, beat out 17 other competitors who'd all lost legs thanks to a 20-year civil war that left some eight million active mines scattered around the country, most of which have still not been found 14 years after the war ended.

Urica walked away with a brand-new titanium gam, along with a sweet grand, appliances, clothes, a weekend getaway and a motorcycle, in case she'd like to try her luck with the rest of her limbs.

The winner of 2009's Miss Landmine Cambodia was also awarded a prosthetic leg, but that year the entire pageant was held in secret to protect entrants from people angered at the idea of women celebrating bodies ravaged by war.

The idea was to draw attention to the fact that over 80,000 people have been left limbless after an innocent walk outside in their homeland, but the Cambodian government shut the contest down, saying it was an insult to disabled people. The pageant disagreed, arguing the purpose was to raise awareness of landmines and also to improve the self-worth of those who participated. Nevertheless, the pageant hasn't been active since 2009. >>

MISS PLASTIC HUNGARY CONTESTANTS 2009
PHOTO © ERSOY EMIN / ALAMY

MISS PENITENTIARY

Back to Brazil for a competition that's both hot and dangerous—Miss Penitentiary. Who doesn't like caged heat? For this pageant, close to 100 lovely felons sign up to be contestants, and a modeling agency helps narrow that number down to the 12 sexiest criminals. Those 12 proceed to put on a show, and a winner is chosen, who is then whisked right back to her cell, because these women are in prison, and they're not going anywhere.

Why even have a beauty pageant in prison? The idea is to give the inmates some pride and goals and help build their self-esteem. The format has proven so popular that other prison systems around the world—including those in Russia, where it's Miss Spring, and in Lithuania, where it's Miss Captivity—have jumped onboard with their own pageants.

Contestants win cash prizes, which can be useful for buying smokes or good old-fashioned contraband. Some institutions have gone the extra mile, using the contest as a means to knock time off an inmate's sentence. A bonus for those who compete is freedom from work detail for a week or two. They call it the Cool Hand Luke vacation.

MISS RUSSIAN ARMY

Russia, as you know, is a hub of progressive thinking and equal rights for all. Ha-ha! Just kidding. It's a vodka-fueled game show of a country run by a half-naked supervillain who wrestles bears and hugs tigers. But it does have more than its fair share of hot women. So the ladies in their armed forces hold beauty contests, because Russia's soldiers should always be comely and deadly enough to take on James Bond.

Since Ruskis do things differently than Americans, they openly admit that this entire contest is propaganda meant to encourage citizens to enlist. Because, hey, if there are gorgeous chicks in the army, why not sign up and score before you get shot by one of the many, many people your country antagonizes on a regular basis? At least you'll die happy.

Russian officials believe there is great importance to having females in the military because, according to one defense ministry colonel, "Those who have served, especially in hot spots, know the importance of women—they calm the team down. We restrain ourselves in front of them, desist from coarseness." Every dude wants to look cool in front of a chick, even in a war zone.

Ksenya Agarkova was the first pageant winner, a soldier who can

field-strip a Kalashnikov and kill you with her bare hands. She was given the crown in 2005 while a group of little Russian children dressed in fatigues belted out the song "Our Army Is the Strongest."

MISS PLASTIC

Do you have a concern about pageant contestants being disingenuous? Maybe they've had a little work done here and there? A lift perhaps? A tuck? Maybe one used to be a dude? Worry no longer, for Hungary has taken the next logical step in beauty pageants and made one specifically for enhanced women with the Miss Plastic competition. Have all the plastic surgery you want; just make sure your doctor is better than everyone else's and you'll win.

The point of the pageant is specific to Hungary, which has struggled with some poor stereotypes relating to plastic surgery. Doctor Tamas Rozsos said the pageant is meant to demonstrate that plastic surgery isn't solely about oversize breasts, bulbous lips and stretched skin. Instead, it's about correcting asymmetries and making women "normal."

To qualify for the competition, entrants must prove they've undergone an actual surgery—simple injections aren't enough. Many have augmented breasts, while others have had nose jobs or even surgically corrected toes. The winners can receive prizes like a paid apartment in Budapest, new cars and diamond jewelry. As an added bonus, their surgeons win prizes too.

MISS BEAUTIFUL MORALS

Straight outta that hotbed of hotness Saudi Arabia comes the hottest pageant of them all, Miss Beautiful Morals. And what better quality to judge a woman on than her morals in a country where women have to be covered from head to toe in public, right?

The only beauty pageant allowed in Saudi Arabia, Miss Beautiful Morals is a competition to find the woman who best demonstrates adherence to Islamic values, chief among them being devotion and respect to her parents.

Unlike your standard pageant, Miss Beautiful Morals tests hundreds of contestants over the course of ten weeks, during which time entrants attend classes and take tests. Quiz themes include "the making of leaders" and "discovering your inner strength." Women also spend the day at a country home with their mothers while female judges observe how they interact. No men are involved, and the competition is not televised, so women are able to take off their veils.

Winners receive as much as $2,600, and the entire pageant is seen as incentive for young Muslim women to follow more traditional values, since obeying one's parents is *the* most important thing.

The contest has been going strong since 2008 and is still the only human female pageant in Saudi Arabia. Previously all beauty competitions were for livestock.

MISS PREGNANT

Once upon a time there was an *SNL* bit about a pregnant teen pageant, back when such an idea would have been hilariously preposterous. Now if you Google the subject, you'll come across the Miss Pregnant pageant, featuring ladies about to pop in bikinis.

Houston, Texas, is home to Rod Ryan's Pre-Labor Day Pregnant Bikini Contest, which has gone on for over a decade now and showcases the best in barely dressed moms-to-be showing off their bellies and boobs. Ladies prove their talents by changing diapers and then stripping down because—this is just speculation here—the guy organizing this thing has a pregnant lady fetish. And that's okay because this is America. We get off on all sorts of stuff. It's what the Founding Fathers wanted.

Pageant queens can pull in such luxuries as $800 gift vouchers, teeth-whitening treatments and digital cameras. Eventually they all win a new baby. H

TO QUALIFY FOR THE COMPETITION, ENTRANTS MUST PROVE THEY'VE UNDERGONE AN ACTUAL SURGERY—SIMPLE INJECTIONS AREN'T ENOUGH.

EARL, WHY YOU NEVER TELL ME I'M BEAUTIFUL?
BECAUSE BABY, WHEN WE GOT MARRIED, I MADE A PROMISE THAT I WOULD NEVER LIE TO YOU.
HUSTLER
WINNER

LARRY FLYNT'S

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"Please excuse my dog. He's a cunthound."

HOT REDHEADS: GINGERS DO IT REDDER

HUSTLER VIDEO. STARRING: ALEX TANNER, JESSICA RYAN, JAYME LANGFORD, HOLLY MORGAN, DANI JENSEN, MARIE McCRAY, WILL POWERS, KURT LOCKWOOD, DANE CROSS & TALON.

As the old saying goes (it's in the Bible, I think—somewhere near the back), if there's red on the head, there's fire in the hole. That adage applies to *Hot Redheads: Gingers Do It Redder,* a collection of cum-hungry coppertops who heat up a viewer's lap like a dose of sexual Sriracha sauce. The ginger-spiced festivities kick off with tight-bodied legal teen Alex Tanner, whose efforts to drum up business for her cheerleading squad's car wash fundraiser prompt her to spit-shine Will Powers' hot rod. The ironically named Tanner is so pale, she's practically translucent. But the lack of melanin only serves to showcase the pink prize between her taut thighs as she spreads wide. Punked-up hellion Jessica Ryan is a gloriously debased combination of torn black fishnet, attitude and cock addiction, gleefully testing her gag reflex on Kurt Lockwood's meat mallet before he splits her pussy so far open, you can practically hear the wind whistle through her birth canal. Flame-tressed temptress Jayme Langford and strawberry-blond honeypot Holly Morgan bring a touch of frilly glamour to the proceedings, swapping spit in lacy lingerie before dispensing with the dainty duds and drilling at each other's crotch-coves until they're halfway to China. *Hot Redheads: Gingers Do It Redder* will make your lap lizard feel the burn. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com** to order. **—Pico D. Ribibi**

JESSICA RYAN

HOLLY MORGAN & JAYME LANGFORD

MARIE McCRAY

ALEX TANNER

ANA FOXXX

SPECIAL DARK

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: ANA FOXXX, TEANNA TRUMP, LAYTON BENTON, KIRA NOIR & MANUEL FERRARA.

The racial tensions currently bedeviling our country get chipped away at thrust by thrust in *Special Dark*, an erotic salute to black chicks servicing white dicks. The "Fuck the Man…and racial barriers too" message is a noble one, though the execution is uneven—some of the dark on display here isn't particularly special. In fact, the quality of female talent is as mixed as the races of the couples rutting for the camera. Flat-chested, with her hair tightly coiled into braids, Kira Noir looks like the kind of crusty multi-culti hippie you'd find singing Tracy Chapman songs off-key for spare change at the beach. On the plus side, Noir displays a taste for the rough stuff, stretching her smile to the ripping point with a pair of monster dildos and gamely enduring light choking and slapping from her brutish scenemate. Doll-face, dusky sexpot Ana Foxxx bumps up the aesthetic average in the next scene. Her wide-eyed countenance of compromised innocence is made all the more appealing by a fat pink prick crammed into her hungry mouth. The gloppy glaze of scrotum sauce that streaks across her face at scene's end is the gravy on top of a carnal feast. Saggy-rumped hose-hound Layton Benton doesn't do us any favors, but tight-bodied, high-yellow beauty Teanna Trump is a true rarity. Even so, *Special Dark* is not especially enticing. **—P.D.R.**

LAYTON BENTON

TEANNA TRUMP

KIRA NOIR

STORMY DANIELS, ALLIE HAZE & ANIKKA ALBRITE

CASSIDY KLEIN

JODI TAYLOR

WANTED

WICKED PICTURES/ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: ANIKKA ALBRITE, ALLIE HAZE, AMBER RAYNE, JESSICA DRAKE, STORMY DANIELS, JODI TAYLOR, CASSIDY KLEIN, MIA LI, CHANEL PRESTON, BRENDON MILLER, JAY CREW, ERIC MASTERSON, STEVEN ST. CROIX, DICK CHIBBLES, TOMMY GUNN, RYAN McLANE & BRAD ARMSTRONG.

Loved *The Wild Bunch*, but felt that a healthy dose of hardcore fucking would have made it even more of a classic? Saddle up, cowpoke; *Wanted* will put you on the trail to satisfaction. Very few XXX videos rise to the level of epic, but this Western-themed joint production between Wicked and Adam & Eve manages the trick, as writer/director Stormy Daniels births a beautifully shot, well-scored treat for the eyes and ears. Which would mean next to nothing without sex scenes of equal quality. Luckily, *Wanted* ponies up a hefty bounty on that front too. The first scene, between blond lead Anikka Albrite and seasoned woodsman Jay Crew, is probably the least enticing, if only for Crew's sagging, gray-furred frame. But it drives the plot forward, as the dying wealthy landowner played by Crew (at least he goes out with a bang) grants a land deed to Albrite's callgirl character Joanna. Elsewhere on the flesh-slapping frontier, cute brunette Cassidy Klein tends to a wounded deputy by patching up his leg and vigorously sucking his man-slab. Amber Rayne (RIP), Mia Li and Tommy Gunn convene in an Indian tepee for a hot fireside threeway, with Rayne and Li taking turns puffing on Gunn's peace pipe. Later on, Daniels, Albrite and Allie Haze team up for a ball-bloating lez-fest. *Wanted* really only suffers from its own ambitions: At just under three hours, it will test any jerkoff's patience. But the combination of six-shooters and sweet cooters will bring stiff justice to your lap. **—P.D.R.**

STORMY DANIELS

MIA LI & AMBER RAYNE

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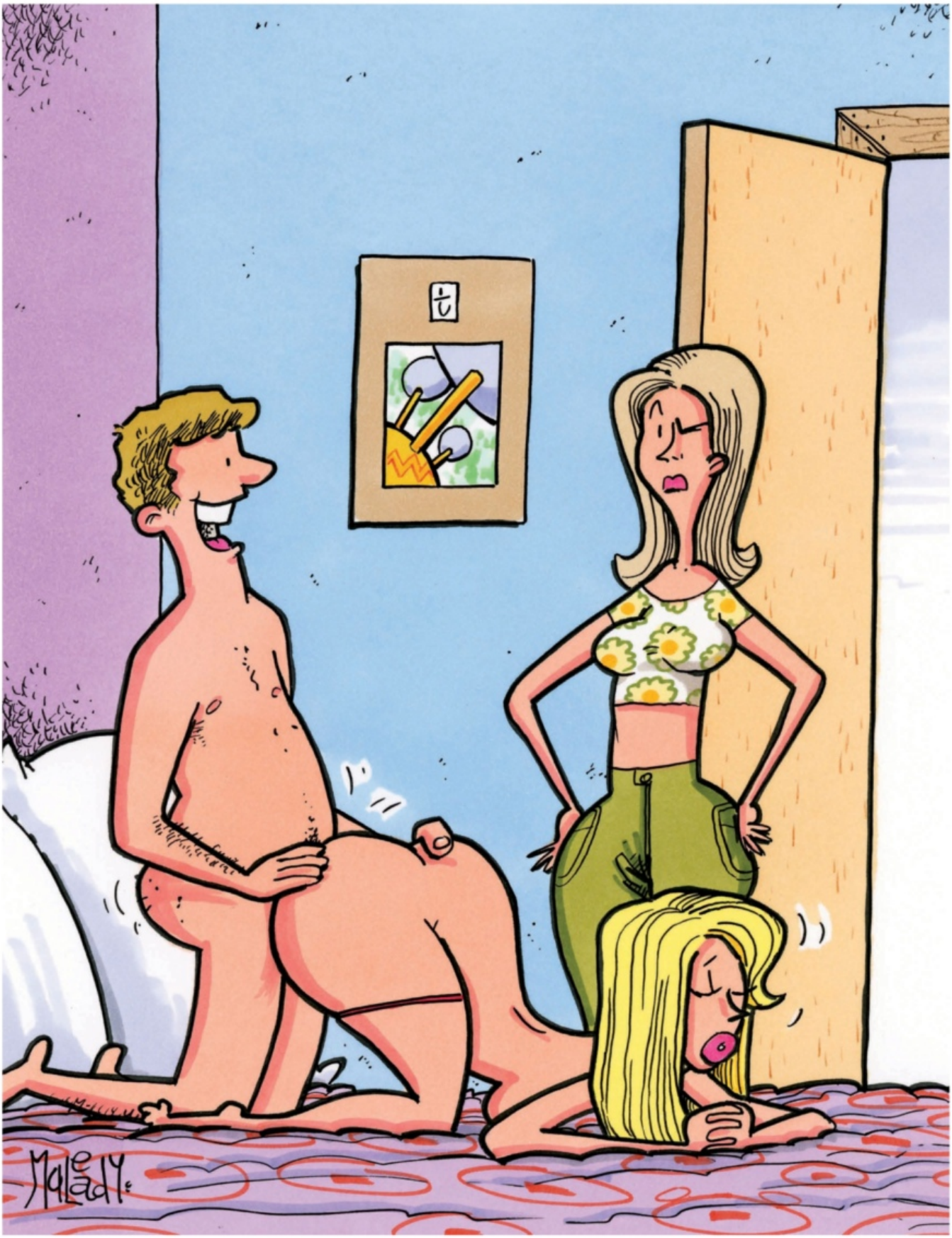

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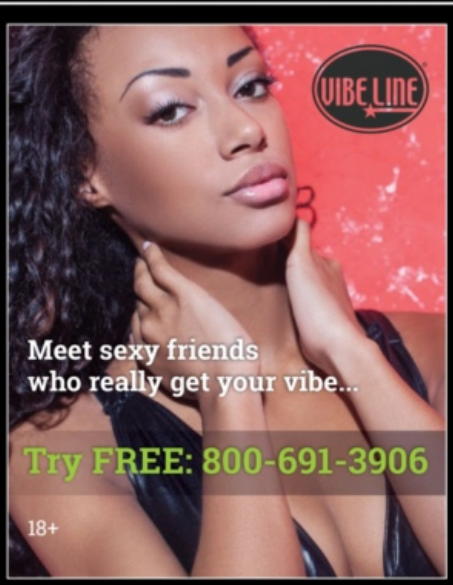

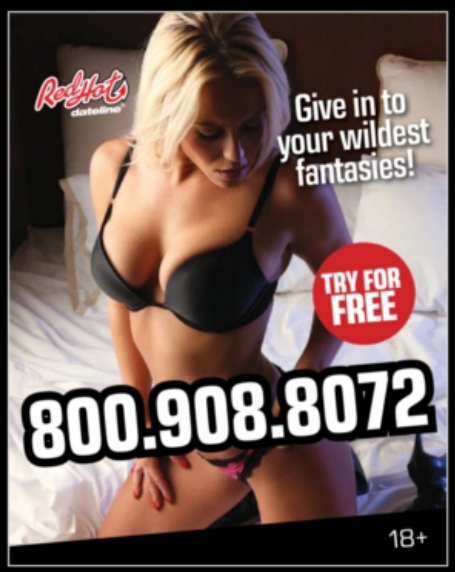

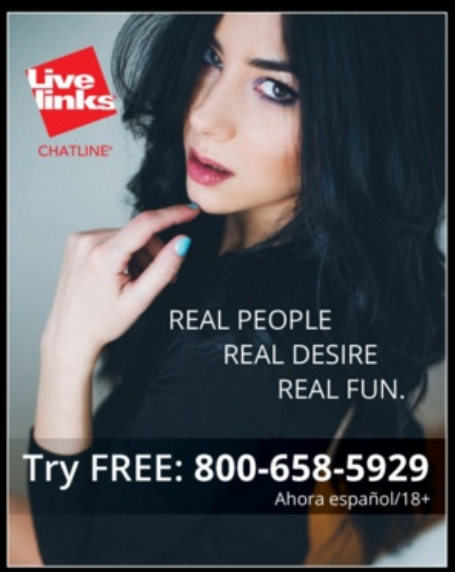

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GWEN

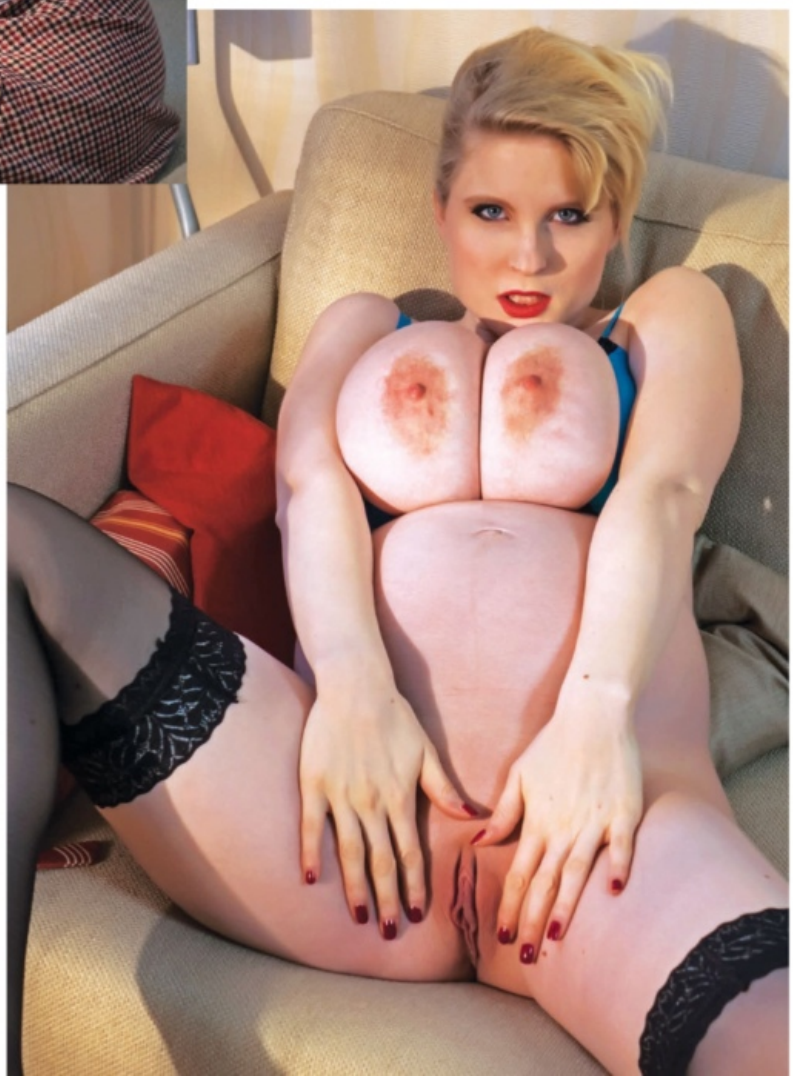
Leading our latest Beaver brigade into amateur-modeling stardom is Gwen, 18, an "outgoing, nerdy and sociable" college student from Lewiston, Maine. "I never pass up an opportunity to expand my horizons and reach out to new people," the 5-foot-2 newbie asserts. "Larry Flynt's magazines are phenomenal, and it is a pleasure to appear in one." Gwen, a *Pokémon* and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* diehard, has an arsenal of other pleasures: cooking, reading books and comics, watching anime, writing, listening to music (Tycho, Halsey, Galantis, Twenty One Pilots) and just kicking back. "I love staying at home with some good movies and great company," Gwen elaborates. "I really enjoy spending quality time with friends and going on adventures." Here's a peek at the bedroom variety: "I'm straight, passive, teasing and seductive. My favorite position is doggy-style, I've been known to give some very good blowjobs, I love cosplay, and bondage is my number-one fetish." —*Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

"My fantasy is to be tied up and taken advantage of at a Comic-Con by a guy dressed up like one of the X-Men."

Twitter: @Casey_Deluxe

CASEY DELUXE

Soon after appearing in our September '15 revue, Dresden, Germany's Casey Deluxe got knocked up, but the 30-year-old fräulein is still as rambunctious as ever. "My baby bump is extremely large and round, and my boobs are about to explode," she marvels. "I'm ready to squirt out gallons of milk!" Casey couldn't resist flaunting her reconfigured, 5-foot-5 body: "Right before the baby came out, I wanted to take nude pictures for HUSTLER again. I enjoy becoming unrestrained bait in front of the camera. As you can see, I love the magazine. I'm proud seeing my photos in *Beaver Hunt*. They make me so horny, I often use my fingers to masturbate while looking at my own pics." The hairdresser turned brazen Internet goddess continues, "My boyfriend and I have much more sex than we did before my pregnancy. I love giving him nice blowjobs and fucking doggy-style. After the new HUSTLER shoot I let my sweetheart fuck me in the ass for the first time, and I had multiple orgasms!" Casey—whose sexploits include joining the Mile-High Club and making all sorts of videos for CaseyDeluxe.com—muses, "I wonder what HUSTLER readers will think about an open-minded pregnant woman sending more nasty pictures. I hope they'll want to splash their sperm on them. That would make me very glad." *—Photos by Mathias Angelov*



AMBER

Putting a bench in the middle of nowhere to excellent use is 21-year-old Amber from Portland, Oregon. "I find it interesting to be naked where people can see me," the 5-foot-5 skin-mag rookie tells us. "I'm a laid-back free spirit drifting along the wind currents, so I'm very open-minded to trying new things." But not regularly shaving her pubes. "I like the natural look," Amber insists. She's actually an all-around nature girl; some of her pastimes are hiking, swimming and "being anywhere outdoors." Amber is also fond of streaking, reggae music, guitar playing and amorous duets between the sheets. "I'm bi-curious and passionate," she reveals. "My favorite position is doggy, I like to grab, and I'm loud in bed, especially when my pussy is licked and fingered at the same time. That always makes me come the best!" Amber has two aspirations: being a certified Watsu instructor—Watsu is an aquatic massage therapy—and fulfilling a kinky fantasy: "I want to be eaten out while blindfolded and never know who did it." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

MIA

Going to the dentist can be an ordeal, so it never hurts getting to gaze at a gorgeous dental assistant. Meet Mia, 37, an "outgoing, fun, spontaneous, stubborn and hardheaded" resident of Columbus, Ohio, the birthplace of HUSTLER Magazine. The 5-foot-1 Latina's professional duties include cleaning teeth and taking X-rays, and now she's cutting her teeth as a nude model. "I wish to share my beauty with the rest of the world," Mia avows. Let's find out a little more about the alluring Buckeye Stater: "I'm a girl, so I love shopping, and my other hobbies are hiking, four-wheeling, playing volleyball and watching *Sons of Anarchy*. I'm a great companion because I have a really big heart. No matter how bad things can get, the person I love can always count on me to keep trying and never give up." Mia occasionally goes shopping to entice her man: "For my birthday, New Year's Eve and Valentine's Day, I like to buy myself a nice sexy outfit. After I put it on, I tell my spouse he's responsible for making the night adventurous and naughty. When it comes to sex, I'm straight and aggressive, but I have a few submissive fantasies. Blame *Fifty Shades of Grey* for that."

—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

"Being naked in HUSTLER is the naughtiest and most adventurous thing I've ever done outside my bedroom."

LILY LOVECRAFT

"I'm kind, caring, understanding, fun-loving, spontaneous and adventurous," declares Lily Lovecraft, 27, from Parker, Colorado. We'll toss in multitalented thanks to her fave hobbies—breeding and training dogs, singing, dancing and painting. The 5-foot-7 "fetishist and lifestyler" also digs making clothes, but she savors not wearing any: "I love my body and look, and I like other people getting to enjoy it with me. My hero is Bettie Page, and my life goal is to become a sex symbol and the face of fetish." Lily, a BDSM aficionada whose naughty talents are headed by "deep-throating and eating ass," is well on her way: "I'm hedro-flexible [predominantly straight with bi inclinations], kinky, wild, seductive and animalistic. To me, sex is all about losing yourself in the moment of absolute pleasure and pain, to be truly free from reality and consumed by fantasy. You become anyone you want to be and give permission for others to do the same." Lily does all that and more as a legal courtesan at the Sagebrush Ranch outside Carson City, Nevada. But the Placebo, Metric and Motion City Soundtrack fan isn't strictly for hire: "I love to get all dressed up and hit a goth club to hang out. I look for hot guys I can blow behind the club or see how many girls I can make out with in one night." Lily Lovecraft is bound to make it big! *—Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"Anal sex is amazing. I have some of my best orgasms that way. I also love the idea of my partner—or partners—being able to fill all my holes."

"One of my fantasies is having blood poured all over my naked body during sex. Another is blowing and fucking at least 20 hot guys in a gangbang video."

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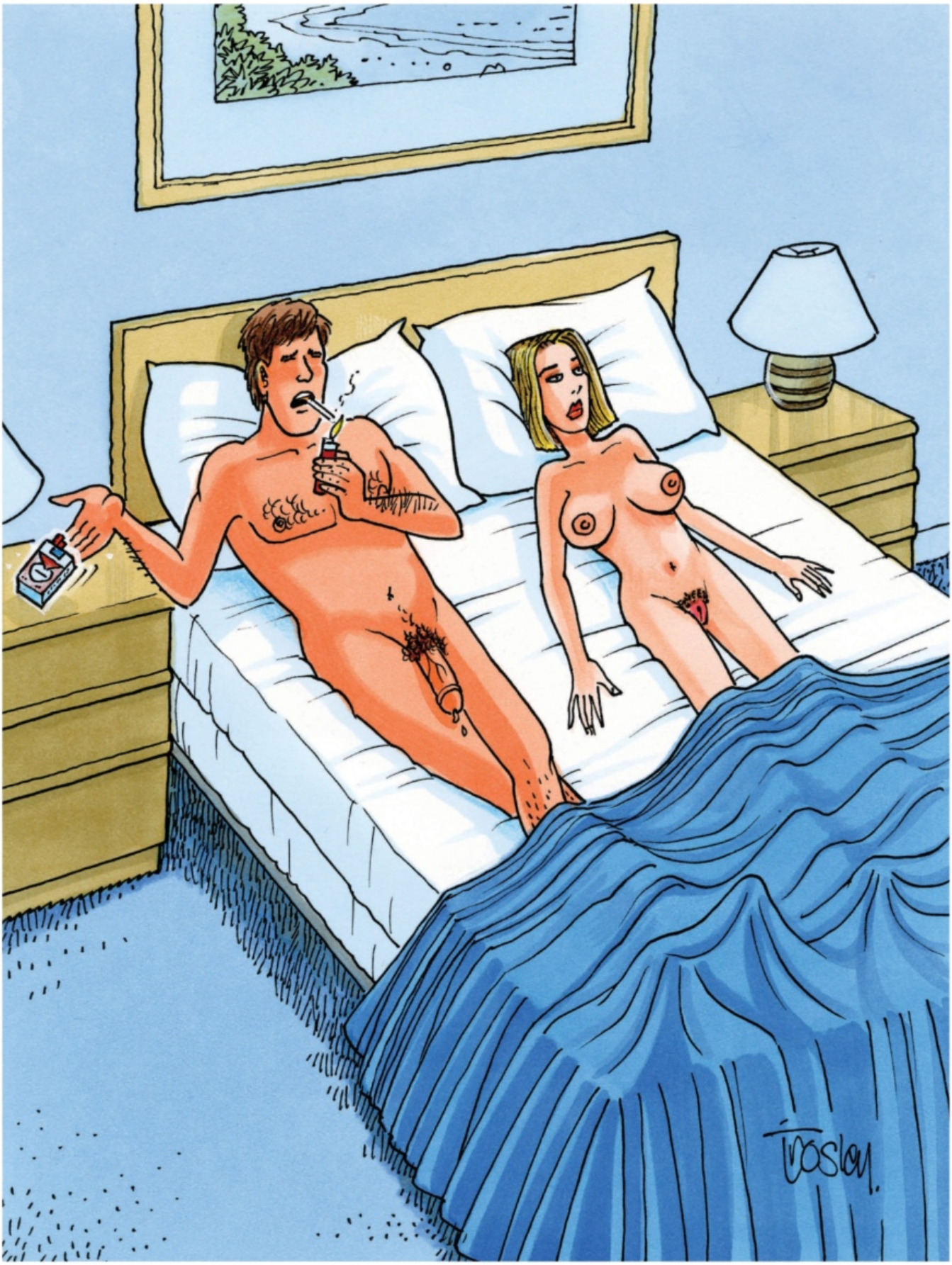

"In bed you remind me of Marilyn Monroe…dead."

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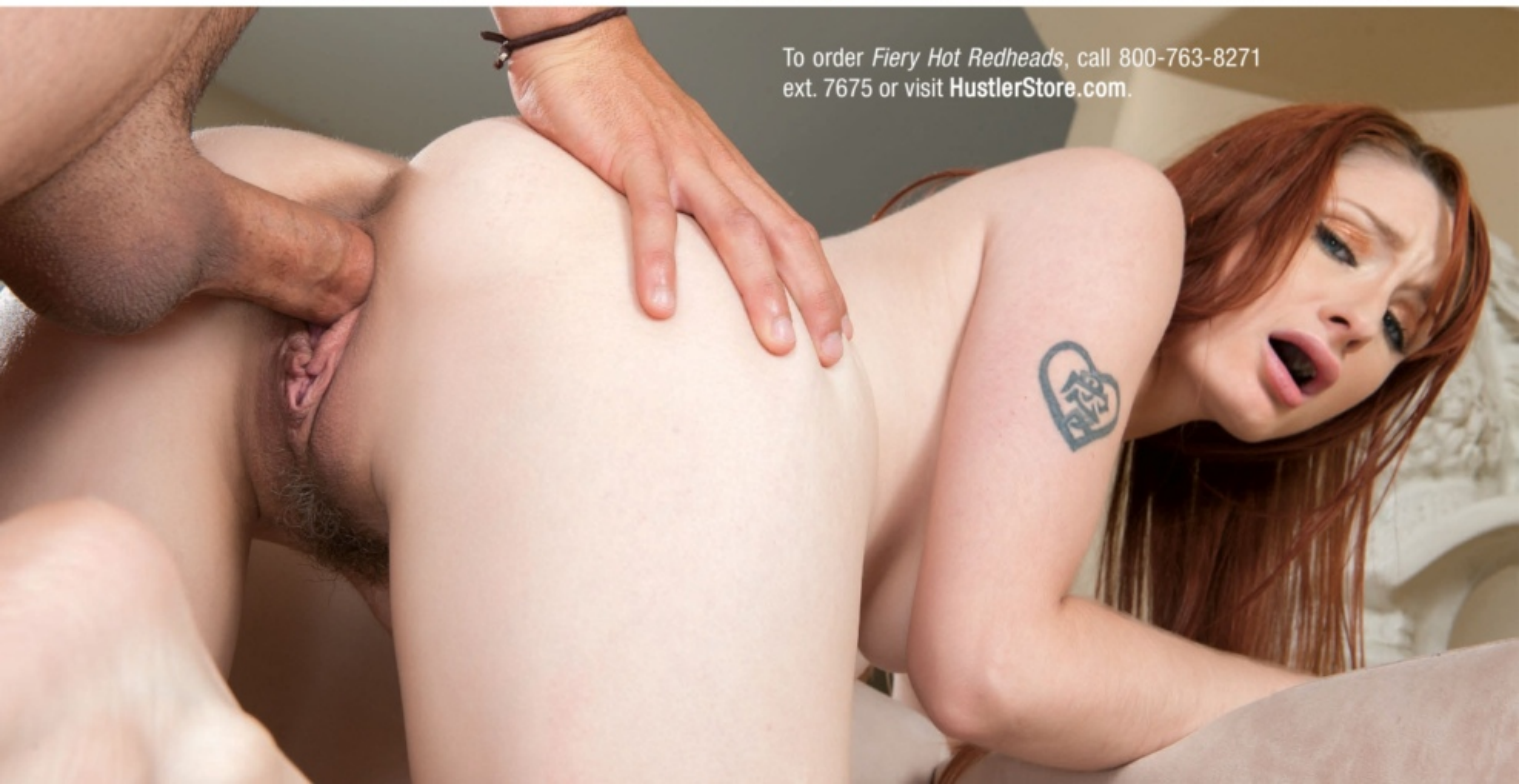
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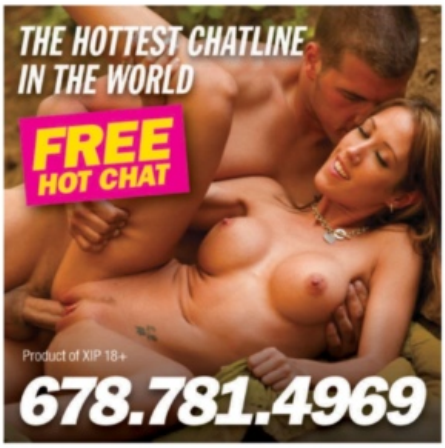
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THE NAKED... AND THE DEAD

Some people are so scarred by repression and guilt that they need an atmosphere of force or violence to become sexually aroused. They have been taught to believe that sex is evil, a sin, and that "the wages of sin is death." Probably some people, seeing these photographs, will be erotically stimulated for the first time because they see sex being "punished."

HUSTLER CLASSIC
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PHOTOGRAPHY
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POLICE

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MEET THE LITAS

They ain't fender fluff, and they're definitely not a gang. The girls in this club eat, shit, live and breathe motorcycles. No territory fights. No initiation rituals. Just fun, freedom and independence.

ERIK GRIFFIN

Straight from *Workaholics*, the comic actor who made office drone Montez a household name shares everything he knows about orgasmic water birth, Turkish foreman typecasting, Fat Jesus and 20-year-old pussy.

DO IT IN THE ROAD

Covered in tattoos, road dirt and motorcycle grease, these horny, ready-to-ride biker babes aren't afraid to get a little wind—and a lot of cum—on their faces.

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JACK-OFF
BLOW THAT HOT, STICKY LOAD ALL OVER MY FACE... PRETTY PLZ?
LOOKING FOR A CHEAP, HARD FUCK?
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